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The National **POLICE GAZETTE**

THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.
HARRY W. TOWN.

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RICHARD K. FOX.
Editor and Proprietor.

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BEAUTY'S TRIBUTE TO HEROISM.

A HALT ON THE ROAD FROM IRKUTSK BY THE SURVIVORS OF THE JEANNETTE—LIEUTENANT DANENHOWER'S FAIR SAMARITAN.
[From a Sketch by one of the Rescued Party.]



ESTABLISHED 1846.

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Isn't the POLICE GAZETTE a "dandy" this week?

The ruin of our parsons is their whine and women.

To the "harmfathers" who write us for "puffs,"
 —Pooh! Pooh!

KELLOGG will not travel abroad again. She doesn't take the high seas any more.

THE "Terror" has probably learned that making a big blow isn't delivering big blows.

ABOUT this time look out for clerical scandals. The camp-meeting season is approaching.

TRYING to get up another walking match? And echo answered "Where's the Hughes?"

A VOICE from the grave. Tombstone denounces President Arthur for going back on the cowboys.

THE gentle Spring time doesn't come worth a cent. The balmy season is a full month behind schedule time.

To those who protest against our truthful cutting remarks we retort, this is a paper of "cuts" of the best quality.

IN the west the merry spring time opens with a premature bloom. The bare trees of several localities bear tramps.

JUDGING from the assurance of some of our contemporaries they are not only copper, but brass-faced type of men.

CYRUS FIELD isn't the right sort of man for a church deacon. He doesn't cover his tracks, and even children are dropping on them.

MAD dogs and big snakes are again in season and the paragrapher of the country newspaper is racking his brains for new dog stories and snake yarns.

WHEN! Five new divorce suits in Brooklyn and not a parson got his "face work" in. Holy Joe seems to be growing weary of his famous pursuit—the sisters.

"A COLD Spring? Well, it would have been if I had made the leap from the Brooklyn bridge on that blustery day," said Donaldson, wrapping his overcoat about him.

It isn't a phrase of commendation to Coney Island beer when we say it has a big head—but it has. And it gives itself airs, and a collar, and the imbibler feels a rising choler, too.

A CUNNING dramatic member is Lillian Cleves' Foote. When accused of addressing her profanely, he said he was only using endearing terms. She would weep, and he damned her eyes to stop her tears. "All my eye," says Lillian.

WHEN will Wallack give up? "When he grows gray in the profession," replies Moss. Ah, indeed, say we; but Lester is too much like Napoleon's Old Guard; he dyes, but never surrenders.

THAT archaic cuss Sammy Tilden will rattle his remnants yet. If Di Cesnola would only undertake to "restore" him now, we might not know him, and then we wouldn't feel so bad about the thing.

DON'T we do the news up to the Queen's taste? And ain't we modest about it? Well, we guess yes!

THE rustics who come to New York for a lark mustn't be surprised if they get "plucked" and "roasted," for now queer things are in season.

THE miasmatic smell about the White House has been erroneously attributed to the Potomac marshes. Oh, you're all off. It is only the effluvium of the political characters that prowl about the mansion.

SINCE she married, Bernhardt has dropped her painting lessons. Matrimony has made her nautical, this naughty gal—she's cast off her "painter" and paddles her own canoe, but her Greek is in the same boat.

IF Oscar Wilde goes fooling around those pimply and snub-nosed aristocratic maidens in Fifth avenue so carelessly, some one will marry him the first thing he knows. Then what will he do? Not much, if rumor is reliable.

To the correspondent who wants to know why the electric light people tear up the streets in the lower part of New York first instead of going up town to try it on, we reply: The first thing to do in electric business is to make sure of the Battery.

CRIME doesn't always go unscathed after all; for here we have the intelligence that the author of the song "See that My Grave is Kept Green," is in jail in Indianapolis. The charge is forgery, but if he escapes on that, let him be railroaded for writing that song.

THE thing has blown over. Lizzie McCall is out on \$2,000 bail and is the biggest burlesque card of the season. Managers are fighting to engage her, and the ante has gone up considerably since she had her brief matrimonial experience. No one can say Mr. Wall died in vain when it is plain his death has had such a direct effect in bulking art in the market.

THE small potato legislators of Texas have put a tax of \$500 on the vendors of the POLICE GAZETTE. If we wished we could buy out the moral faction of the state, but we would hold them dear at any price, and don't propose to either purchase them or to be blackmailed by the canting crew of political deacons. Such yellow curs may as well bay the moon as snarl at us. Both Luna and the GAZETTE will roll on in spite of their howls.

THE Boston barber, Hogarty, who was said to have polished off the champion Sullivan the other day by breaking a pitcher over his head, finds the weight of honors he is called on to bear altogether too great. He comes out with a card now, denying that he had any meeting with the champion, and saying that there was no pitcher episode at all. Just as we expected—a barber without a razor is no good.

AFTER she is released, Blanche Douglass will be a good dramatic card, too—none better. If she will only learn to read *Juliet* in jail a fortune awaits her on the boards. The Malleys could recover much of the money they have paid to the lawyers by acting as her managers with John Duff as advance agent. It would sweep the deck, such a troupe as that.

THE residents of a certain avenue in Brooklyn objected to the railroad tracks laid by Deacon Richardson and had them torn up on Saturday, feeling sure that they could not be relaid until Monday, when the aid of the courts could be invoked. But those who relied on the restraining influences of the Deacon's religion were badly sold. He made his men work all day on Sunday relaying the tracks while he did all the praying in his church. The chumps who have thought that religion is ever clung to by such fellows as the deacon unless it pays are probably convinced of their error by this time.

A COUNTER-JUMPER in a Chicago store accused a Mrs. Dudley the other day, of having stolen a handkerchief. The fresh young man dragged her into a private room and tore the clothing from her shoulders in the search, but found nothing that day. The next morning, however, he found her husband waiting for him in the store, and was used to such good purpose as a mop, that he will lie abed for a week or two. Isn't it about time there should be some definite statement made as to the limit of a dry-goods clerk's power over the lady customers? Let us know when a charge of theft may be laid on respectable persons, and what cases warrant clerks in stripping off all or only part of the victim's raiment. These things should be done by rule if at all, for if a clerk, anxious to decide a bet as to whether a society belle has the mole of tradition on the small of her back or on her breast, has only to charge her with theft to be enabled to make the inspection and decide at his leisure, everybody will want to be a dry goods clerk and the business will be ruined—that's all.

THEY have a college in Pennsylvania where the students come to recitations drunk and light their pipes from the professor's cigar. Verily, the schoolmaster is abroad in Pennsylvania—yes, we should say all abroad, and ought to be brought up with round turn.

SOMEBODY is going to "go broke" next winter. Patti, Gerster, Nilsson and the other high-priced squawkers are coming over the sea, and the managers are going to come over us. We repeat the warning in another phrase—somebody's going to get left—and we're always right.

A FRENCH steamer arrived at New York the other day with a lot of imported electric force stored up in boxes. What a pity some of our dramatic artistes couldn't import "brilliancy" in the same way. It would doubtless be taxed heavily by the custom house officials, it is such a rare luxury.

Now it is the Brooklyn women who celebrate the budding Spring time by a grand rush to the divorce courts. The air is thick with scandals over there again, although Beecher is growing too old to make pastoral visits and to engage in "nest hiding" any more. Thus the influence of a great man lives after him.

THAT bad actor Larry Barrett says that (infinitely excepting himself) the modern resources of dramatic art are poor. Larry, you see through a "greenery, gallery" lens. By a paraphrase peculiar to ourselves we state your case exactly: "To the poor all things are poor." How's that for "one on his nob?"

SEVERAL young brides who have appointed us referee in a dispute as to whether the husband or the wife should get up first and make the kitchen fire, are informed that we decide they must fight it out according to the rules, the winner to be allowed the privilege of donning the breeches, which is also according to inviolable rule and precedent. In case of a draw the divorce courts will decide.

BROTHER MALLORY would have gone on a European tour, but thinks it too expensive. Not so dear as being "gone on" an actress, Domine. A pretty choir singer now, that's reasonable and inexpensive—only a hymn book, and a prayer or two—but actresses are too fly for the devotional racket. They want to lay up their treasure here, and—but why tell you this? You know how it is yourself.

THERE was a ship wrecked at Long Branch the other day. She was laden with hides and coffee in bags. The latter came ashore in great quantities and the hotel and boarding house keepers lugged it away by the wagon load. It now turns out that the raw hides were preserved with arsenic and the sea water mixed the poison pretty thoroughly with the coffee. There's a fine outlook for the summer boarders. The undertakers are going to make fortunes this year between Long Branch hotel coffee and whiskey, for both are now equally dangerous.

ANOTHER of the coastwise steamers has been burned up off the Delaware breakwater. The passengers escaped and the hulk was sunk so that the flames might be extinguished and the old trap tinkered up to prove a coffin at some more favorable time. Just after the war a line of these steamers was started to New Orleans by a cunning old party who bought half a dozen condemned blockaders, and let them sink successively, realizing big sums for insurance. By this means he got a capital and built other ships of flimsy construction, to sink or burn in their turn in due and profitable time. This cunning old cove has furnished more human food for the sharks off the Florida Keys than any man who lives, and has got rich and saucy b'it. But really, now, hasn't the law something to say about this speculation in shark's meat?

A CERTAIN Peter Morahan, who has been arrested lately in Denver, Col., on a charge of attempted blackmail has been making unauthorized use of the name of the POLICE GAZETTE, it is alleged, to further his ends. We wish it understood that this person never had any connection with this paper, never was its correspondent, never had a line published in it, and had no authority to state he could get any portraits in, or keep them out of our pages. We have purchased photographs of notable persons from this Morahan, as we do from any one who has for sale the article that suits us; but he has held no intimate relation with us, has not been an employee of ours in any sense. We understand there are other men of this ilk throughout the country who are blackmailing people by pretending to be connected with this journal, and to have the power of repression or publication in these columns. Let us say again sweepingly and decisively—all such representations are false, the persons who make them are unauthorized and are swindlers whom we would be delighted to see lodged in jail.

SOME FUNNY BUSINESS.

Scintillations of Humor and Alleged Wit, Culled from Many Sources.

"HANDS off"—as the clock said when it was taken to be cleaned.

OLEOMARGARINE, despite its high sounding name, is butter fraud after all.

"I PREFER lighter literature," said the gouty man when Webster's Unabridged fell on his toes.

"DON'T you love birds, Mr. Proseman, and all their little ways?" "I do. Miss Gushington, dearly—on toast."

QUEEN VICTORIA's favorite food is boiled mutton; but, as she is a staid old lady, she objects to capers.

At a fashionable wedding in Philadelphia recently, the absent-minded organist played "Empty is the Cradle." He was retired on half pay.

"LEMMY, you're a pig!" said a father to a son, who was five years old. "Now, Lemmy, do you know what a pig is?" "Yes, sir—a pig is a hog's little boy."

ELI PERKINS ought to insist on a chance to testify before the Foreign Affairs Committee; his reputation as the greatest liar in the world is in jeopardy.

TOILET art criticism: First lady—"Dear me; I never saw Mrs. Potts look so pale." Second lady—"Nor I; she's probably been out in the rain without an umbrella."

THE eyes of a small boy are bigger than his stomach until he has eaten green apples; then his stomach appears to be bigger than anything else in the world to him.

STORIES for children used to begin—"Once upon a time there lived——." Now they begin—"Vengeance, blood, death, shouted Rattlesnake Jim," or words to that effect.

CHAUCER parties are fashionable among young girls in London; but a Brooklyn girl prefers a saucer—with strawberry ice cream, and another spoon with a moustache sitting opposite.

A BRIDAL couple from Washoe valley at breakfast in a Reno hotel, conversed as follows: He—"Shall I skin a portaret, honey?" She—"No, thank you, deary, I have one already skinned."

"I WOULDN'T care to be the prettiest girl alive," simpered a swain as he sat in a drawing-room the other day. "Indeed! Why not?" was the response. "Because," said he, "I'd rather be next to her."

A WESTERN young man aged eighteen has eloped with a married woman of three score years. The aesthetic craze for antiquities is becoming altogether too general, and threatens to cause trouble.

BOLD Jesse James' spirit soared Beyond the vale of pain;
 He's gone to see what he can do
 To stop the heavenly train.

"I NEVER pretend to know a thing that I do not," remarked Brown. "When I don't know a thing, I say at once, 'I don't know.'" "A very proper course," said Foggs; "but how monotonous your conversation must be, Brown!"

DESPERATE student to his pistol: "I have pawned all I had; my last resources are exhausted. I am determined to take a desperate step! Come, old friend, do me a last service, and follow your comrades to the pawnbrokers."

A GENTLEMAN giving a lecture to some boys was explaining how no one could live without air. He then said: "You have all heard of a man drowning; how does it happen?" The ready answer was: "Cause he can't swim."

IT is alleged of Melville that he is an inveterate punster, and that after the wreck, as they were trying to make their way through a field of ice, one of his men remarked, "That ice will surely oppose our progress."

"So ice oppose," was Melville's rejoinder.

"How are you, John?" remarked a friend. As he met John on the street;

"Come in, my boy, and take a drink, For it's rarely that we meet."

"A fact," said John: "I'll go with you; For as I happen to think,

We rarely meet, but when we do It is always meet and drink."

"I CAN'T get up early," said a poor victim to his doctor. "Oh, yes, you can," was the reply, "if you will only follow my advice. What is your hour of rising?" "Nine o'clock." "Well, get up half an hour later every day, and in the course of a month you will find yourself up at four in the morning."

BRIGGS hired a lively horse the other day to take a little exercise. He got more exercise than he wanted; and as he limped to the side of the road to rest himself, a kind friend asked him, "What did you come down so quick for?" "Well, get up half an hour later every day, and in the course of a month you will find yourself up at four in the morning."

SPRING madrigal:

Fresh flannels for me, mother,
 New woolen stockings buy;

Let Ann rebuild the furnace fire
 And pile the coal on high.

There's ice by all the streamlets,

The buds shrink in the blast.

I'm nearly frozen, mother dear,

For spring has come at last.

A MICHIGANDER who took in the White Sulphur Springs of Virginia on a recent trip, one day approached an aged negro who is one of the attendants at the baths, and confidentially informed him that he had come to the springs to be cured of the habit of lying, and he asked the old man's opinion of the chances for a cure.

"How long has you bin in the habit of lyin', sah?" was the honest query.

"About fifty years."

"Lyn' all de time?"

"Right along, day after day."

"Big lies?"

"Yes—the worst old whoppers you ever heard. Give me your honest opinion, now, as to whether a course of baths will help me."

"Wall, sah," said the old negro, as he scratched his head, "pears to me dat if you kin git de water hot 'tut it might help you some, but de trouble is dat in sweatin' out de lies you may cook the body, an' my 'xperience wid white men am dat I kin git 'long wid a well man who lies dan wid a parbiled man who tells de truth."

STAGE WHISPERS.

The Secret Emotional Business of an Entire Season Unveiled.

The Buzz of Many Scandals Filling the Air of Union Square and Making Fun for the Loafing Actors.

WHAT'S the matter, Vernona, have you lost your grip?

CLARA MORRIS breaks out in Boston again this week.

GREAT heavens! here comes the intelligence that Bessie Darling is preparing for the stage again. Make her relent, Abe.

HELEN BANCROFT, nee Blanche Van Dorn, is advertised as preparing to star in "Leah." A far more appropriate part for her would be "Camille."

MAGGIE MITCHELL will still continue next season playing gushing young maidens of sixteen. What a pity, when the public is hungering for her as a first old woman!

NOW Harry Miner's and the other Bowery shops are going to vomit themselves into London, England. Fannie Beane will be in the first gulf fired over this season.

AND NOW Mr. Haverly has been fired out of his Philadelphia theatre. All that is left of him in this country is debts, Jews who have fattened on him and the tradition of his name.

LITTLE Johnny Rogers and Minnie Palmer are going to Europe together next month. Don't you think this is a little improper, little folks? Won't it spoil the business next season?

EVERY nurse maid or kitchen girl who can get on the stage and kick her slipper into the auditorium has got the dead wood on fellows like Howell Osborne and other would-be toughs or "sports."

LEN. SHEWELL has mysteriously disappeared. He started out with Maggie Mitchell's company, but three months in such society unbalanced his brain, and he went wandering away no one knows where.

DAVE BRAHAM of the Theatre Comique is composing a comic opera. Dave is the boy to make catchy music, but we don't think he'll walk away with Verdi and Wagner, no matter how much brass he employs.

TOM MORRIS has been in a bad way since the death of John Brougham. The trouble is that he has been called on to work for his living, and to do that he has been obliged to attempt acting with perfectly awful results.

BARTLEY CAMPBELL need never go to ruinous expense for three-sheet posters so long as he has his tongue in good wagging condition. And as for blowing his trumpet, why he can give Levy points on any day. There never was such a blower.

GILL, an alleged comedian, is going to drop his "Goblins" for next season and take Willie Edouin's part in "Sparks." Edouin will play the photographer. He has seen Mackey and Jacques Kruger play the part and can get up a fair imitation, so he thinks he is safe for a laugh or two at any rate.

SARAH BERNHARDT, being indisposed lately, had a pill prescribed her and when Daniels came home from working the lunch route along the Boulevard des Italiens, a spasm of horror convulsed him. "My God!" he was heard to murmur, "Already! Do they do these things so quick in France?"

It is pleasing to note that the public has this season sat on and flattened that blatant person, Mr. McKee Rankin, who has been making money and fame so long on a modicum of red shirt, brown beard, and western wine. He undertook to put this old wine in a new and plagiarized bottle, and the result was an explosion that may prove fatal. Thank heaven!

MARC GAMBIER, the photographer, up to a week ago had the handsomest reception room of any of the slaves of the sun in New York and consequently in America. Now it is a dreary waste. A overflow of water drowned it out, and nearly did for manager Harley Gates and his staff. Most of the paintings and objects of art were rescued but the room and furniture were hopelessly ruined. The loss is over \$1,000.

AT a meeting held in the "stuckyard" last week, the many professional admirers of Lawrence Barrett, now gathered in Union Square, adopted a resolution to provide that eminent tragedian, upon his return from his tour, with a nickel plated hog trough, as a testimonial of their deep-rooted and sincere esteem of his many admirable qualities as an artist, employer and friend.

MISS LILIAN OLcott, who lately made her debut on the stage in Brooklyn, accomplished one marvel. She made money, and after three weeks' experience in the drama balances up her books and finds herself \$1,500 ahead. If she can do this every time she has nothing to fear. It is "money that talks," and it talks louder than criticism every time. Nothing succeeds like success and money is its guage.

THE Norcross opera troupe has been howling at the Germania Theatre, formerly Wallack's, for two or three weeks. There was a prevailing impression that the performance was in German, it being a German theatre, but the German population deny it. We will vouch that they do not speak English. What unknown tongue is it these "fakes" speak, and why, when the explorers and hunters capture such things, don't they put them in menageries instead of on the stage?

THERE are thirteen amateur actresses rehearsing daily at the Academy of Music, Irving and Clarendon Halls, in New York. They have not been apportioned yet among the dramatic harems of the metropolis. The old stock is said to be inclined to kick, and the managers have not made enough money to get rid of the kickers by the usual policy of starting them out as stars on their own hook. There's going to be war, we fear, for several occupants of the seraglios at present are not of the kind that can be "shaken."

REALLY, now, dramatic scandals fly so thick they darken the sun. We can count three divorce suits in prospect as the result of last season's tours. One charming wife made things lively by slapping the face of a charming ingenue in a country hotel in New York

State. She was sent home instead of the ingenue however, and is now holding interviews with a distinguished lawyer. Oh what nice times the returned actors are having in Union Square comparing notes, and parading the smirched reputations of the actresses who have travelled in their company.

HAVERLY'S Brooklyn Theatre has prematurely closed its season, and is shut up for the summer. This is ominous. Haverly got the house the first season for no rent. The second year he was to pay \$25,000 rental, and he comes to grief after a desperate struggle before the 4th of July, up to which time Brooklyn theatres are supposed to run profitably. Now what are those Brooklyn politicians going to do with the house? If they wait for Jack to come back from Europe and pay up the back rent they will grow gray waiting and the public will forget there is such a theatre in existence.

LEN GROVER is said to be employed on a new piece, founded on fact and entitled "Our Bawdy House," in which he proposes to play the leading part.

The play will be local, and will contain realistic railroad train, Sixth avenue dive and police court effects. The leading female role will be impersonated by a young society lady from Boston. Rehearsals of the first act have already taken place, and some hitches which marred the performance are being smoothed away. The role of a detective proved too heavy for the leading parts, and Mr. Grover will endeavor to trim it down or expunge it altogether.

We are happy to state that the San Francisco Minstrels are doing badly on their tour. It is refreshing to find that the people of the country have dropped to these frauds at last, and have discovered that they do not represent the wit and taste of the metropolis. It is a pleasant reflection that humbug and false pretences do not always pay, and that Birch & Backus will be obliged to do some squalid feats on their weary homeward way; in short, that they will be obliged to come back on their ears, which are large enough, indeed, to answer for their coverlets if they are obliged to camp out while counting the railroad ties.

How many unmarried actresses have little in common brothers and sisters and nephews they have to support! Remarkable, isn't it, the unanimity with which their parents throw the youngest members of their families on them for support? And more remarkable still, the meekness with which they accept their charges. And strange too, this only happens with the young and pretty members of the profession. And how touching is their kind care! And what a proof of the refining influences of the "perleah" Why, they couldn't treat the kids better if they were their own offspring.

SIGNOR BROCOLINI, otherwise Clark, has taken to slide shows in one-horse towns in Jersey. This for a singer who wants to be considered a signor and a dignitary, is pretty tough. We'll find him middle man for a female minstrel show in another month if he keeps up his rate of retrogression. We advise the alleged composer John Loreliz to compose himself, and not fly off frantically in the teeth of the law on the advice that Signor Brocolini gives him. This theft of literary property may be as dangerous as stealing dry goods under some circumstances, and don't you forget it, Mr. Brocolini—Clark.

WE hear from San Francisco occasionally and the burden of the news always is that a snide light comedy man named Mike Kennedy has either just had, or is just going to have, "a grand complimentary benefit." It is five years since Mike abandoned his \$20 a week job in the Brooklyn theatres to tackle "Frisco, and he has been doing nothing there ever since but getting up "grand complimentary benefits" for himself. He has even written us to give him the compliment of the benefit of our columns, and we cheerfully do so in the statement that we know him to be an actor who deserves the hospitalities of the biggest clubs, and clubmen of the highest standing, the Broadway policemen, for instance.

HA! ha! ha! Union Square is ringing with it! A famous actor, a leading man of one of the travelling companies was mashed by an artful little creature who played small business in the troupe. He is a married man, and was afraid of the gossiping tongues of the members of the company, so he played a little trick. He fell dangerously ill and had to be left behind at the hotel when the company went on. The sweet, innocent, little utility lady remained to nurse him, as he "needed the gentle care of a woman." (No one thought of sending to New York for his wife's remark.) So well did she attend him that his illness lasted three weeks, at the end of which time the pair rejoined the company. Rumor has it that the nursing is going on yet.

AMONG the managers who are going to make a big show for public favor next season, Wm. C. Mitchell, of St. Louis, stands top of the heap. He has taken the Lingards in hand, and for the first time in their experience they will be well managed. William 'Orace owes money all over the country, but the manager this time is one who will pay if he goes broke, though there is no chance of his reaching the bottom of his big pile. He is about the only manager of the lot who isn't in some respect or other a professional "skin" given to half salary tricks and dodging hotel bills. If William 'Orace and Halley don't succeed under him they had better go back to Lunnon and face the music that awaits them in the courts, for there will be no further hope for them here.

TONY PASTOR's opera season has been a success, but it has put some queer people on the stage and has given room for some queer antics. There's a Miss Maggie Duggan in the gang. This frisky person kicked her slipper into a private box one night during the can-can, and it fell into the clutches of that scamp Grace Howell Osborne, who holds it as a trophy. And the blushing young Maggie wants us to believe that she didn't do it on purpose to get an introduction. See here, now, Tony, this style of thing is on the very verge. When alleged actresses begin to topple over the footlights and throw their raiment at the "mashing" young men in the private boxes, the general public begin to understand the salacious by-play. It won't do, Tony—it won't do. We are talking now.

MISS Stella Boniface will be dropped from the Wallack's Theatre Company next season. Her little remark about the line of that great cockney stage manager, Mr. Arris, from Lunnon, made a deep impression you see. Her place will be filled by Marie Williams, the burlesque actress, who came to this country five years ago with the Lydia Thompson troupe on which fat Colville "went broke." If Miss Williams has been engaged to give proper representation of the manners and cultivation of English high society she will be somewhat handicapped, we opine,

by the fact that there is not a bald-headed church deacon who hasn't vividly in mind the shape of the lady's limbs up to the hips. This may be piquante to the old deacons, but it will be tough on the tony habitues.

MINNIE MADDERN'S bungling advisers would gush over her before she appeared at the Park Theatre, N. Y., on May 15, in "Fogg's Ferry." The critics damned her. Now her manager may damn the critics. She has red hair, cheek, the wiggle-waggle style of stage business, the kick, the gush, the jump, the spindle-legs, in fact all the artistic points of Lotta, and yet the press will not have her. Now, if Minnie could only get up a scandal she might save herself after all. You will remember that when Lotta first went on she sacrificed her father to the demands of the artistic situation. By making him pose as a sort of chronic "budder" who was absorbing her hard earned salary, she aroused public indignation and on it was floated to fame and fortune. Can't you, too, Minnie, find some parent or relative to sacrifice? That's the Lotta way and your only hope.

THE manner in which that dramatic gamester, Col. Jack Haverly, is being nursed by the dramatic papers is edifying. Such as he advertises in are devoted to weekly columns of hogwash descriptive of his solvency, the fabulous profits of his many "enterprises," and the immensity of his plans for the future. Those he don't advertise in, on the other hand go into virtuous spasms over his reckless management and his impending bankruptcy. Meanwhile Colonel Jack travels around "Yurrun" flourishing letters of credit for \$20,000 in the faces of bum newspaper correspondents, and blowing about his exploits in management as he used to blow about his winnings at the faro table, while the sheenies who run his "enterprises" on capital furnished by themselves have their own way under the shadow of his name. Altogether, it was a cold day for dramatic art when Col. Jack Haverly and his satellites got a finger in the histrio pie, and the longer they keep the finger in the more frigid the temperature grows. Happily, if signs go for anything, it won't be for much longer. Wind and hired ink-splitters are not sufficient capital to float one theatre, let alone a double handful, and in spite of his gaseous emanations to the contrary, Colonel Jack has found that fact out by this time.

THE Hoey and Hardie combination has done a rousing business all over the country during the season, but got behind with salaries, and lived a cat and dog life during the last weeks of April. It is one of the effects of the dramatic profession to make the male artist as vain, gabbling and scandal-loving as the female, and this combination was a broad and positive proof of the general assertion. Such a set of gossips and gabblers as the men of this troupe have proved themselves, were never aggregated in one combination. It is said that the company got the reputation around the country of being a "doubling up company," which phrase being translated out of the dramatic to the vernacular means that certain members of the troupe preferred to economize their hotel bills by occupying the same room. This would have been a matter of indefinite scandal among a very few members of the travelling companies crossing the path of the troupe, and would have made little remark, because all companies are more or less tarred with the same stick; but when the salaries began to run short there were several members of the troupe who cut loose their talking tasks and began to give things away. Willard, the stage manager, when the party crossed the path of the Maggie Mitchell troupe, which comprises some of the most dangerous croaking crows and gossip-lovers in the profession, dropped some hints about the strange emotional relations of certain members of the troupe. This was equal to a complete give away. Then the season ended in Paterson, N. J., on May 13, and the sheriff stepped in and seized the scenery and costumes. Hoey and Hardie reorganized and started again with a new piece. This let out those distinguished and world famed actors, Will Sands and Willard, and now they are prowling around Union Square telling the story of managerial wickedness to admiring crowds in the beer saloon and on the pave. They have made a threat to get square by revealing the whole crookedness to the estimable non-professional wife of Mr. —, well, we'll say Brown. This is small potato business for even a walking gentleman, and if Messrs. Sands and Willard are not ashamed of themselves they ought to be. This is highwayman business. It is tantamount to taking a manager by the throat and saying: "Pay me my back salary whether you are ruined or not, Mr. Smith or Brown, or I will tell your wife what I witnessed in Miss —'s room in Squedunk, and break up your happy family!" We thought the dramatic profession had some foul birds in it who could not help soiling their own nests, but that there were other birds willing to take the nests in their beaks and parade them around the square and even thrust them under the noses of respectable wives whose "ignorance is bliss," is something so base, so perfidious, so unmanly that even we, who thought we "knew it all," are astounded.

AMONG the managers who are going to make a big show for public favor next season, Wm. C. Mitchell, of St. Louis, stands top of the heap. He has taken the Lingards in hand, and for the first time in their experience they will be well managed. William 'Orace owes money all over the country, but the manager this time is one who will pay if he goes broke, though there is no chance of his reaching the bottom of his big pile. He is about the only manager of the lot who isn't in some respect or other a professional "skin" given to half salary tricks and dodging hotel bills. If William 'Orace and Halley don't succeed under him they had better go back to Lunnon and face the music that awaits them in the courts, for there will be no further hope for them here.

TONY PASTOR's opera season has been a success, but it has put some queer people on the stage and has given room for some queer antics. There's a Miss Maggie Duggan in the gang. This frisky person kicked her slipper into a private box one night during the can-can, and it fell into the clutches of that scamp Grace Howell Osborne, who holds it as a trophy. And the blushing young Maggie wants us to believe that she didn't do it on purpose to get an introduction. See here, now, Tony, this style of thing is on the very verge.

When alleged actresses begin to topple over the footlights and throw their raiment at the "mashing" young men in the private boxes, the general public begin to understand the salacious by-play. It won't do, Tony—it won't do. We are talking now.

MISS Stella Boniface will be dropped from the Wallack's Theatre Company next season. Her little remark about the line of that great cockney stage manager, Mr. Arris, from Lunnon, made a deep impression you see. Her place will be filled by Marie Williams, the burlesque actress, who came to this country five years ago with the Lydia Thompson troupe on which fat Colville "went broke." If Miss Williams has been engaged to give proper representation of the manners and cultivation of English high society she will be somewhat handicapped, we opine,

CROOKED CAPERS.

Scrapes and Scandals of all Sorts and from all Quarters.

A YOUNG Boston girl of some beauty named Ella Hanley, aged 16, flirted with a stranger on the cars on March 17, and was induced by him to go on to New York. He said he was Len Grover, the dramatist (which he wasn't by several bushels of brains), and by promises that he would put her on the stage induced her to put herself in his hands. She lived with him until April 30 in a finely furnished suite of rooms. Then he grew weary of her and sent a friend of his to call on and escort her to the theatre during his absence. This gave him an excuse to pretend jealousy and he threw her off. Her mother recovered the silly girl on May 13 and took her back to Boston in a damaged but a wiser condition. Len Grover is looking with a shotgun for the master who is working the amorous racket on his name.

A GUSHING thing of 38, Ellen Wood, of Luzerne, Pa., had Edward Urien arrested and lodged in jail in that place on the 14th ult., for having seduced her. To make sure that he was locked up she walked barefoot all the way to the prison with him and the officer. The next morning she called to see him and found he had experienced a change of heart. Both fell into a loving mood, and the resound of their kisses was so great as to lead to the suspicion at first that the prisoner had broken off the lock of his cell door. He tearfully declared that he had neither the money to pay a fine nor to marry her. She eagerly volunteered to raise it, and soon came back with a parson and all the neighborhood as witnesses. When everything was ready the bridegroom began to squirm and wriggle again, and said he would not marry her unless she took a bath. After some wrangle she agreed to this condition and there was another delay of half an hour; but at the end of that time the determined woman came up clean and smiling and married her man triumphantly.

THE Rochester, N. Y., crank, Michael L. Lehmler, who has been making trouble for several months past by tearing up all the copies of the POLICE GAZETTE within his reach on the news stands because he objected to the pictures, has got into another scrape. On the afternoon of the 15th ult., he visited Powers' Gallery of Fine Arts in Rochester, and taking offence at the picture of an Italian girl with the bust only draped in lace, cut the figure from the canvas with his pocket-knife. The painting, which cost \$600, was utterly ruined by the vandal. He was let off with light fines for mutilating the POLICE GAZETTE, but this time he will probably go to jail. Let it be for a term of 99 years so that art may have some chance to grow and develop in Rochester.

TWO FIGHTING DUCHESSES.

Scandalous Story of the Aristocracy that is Amusing the French.

The young widow of the late Duke de Chaulnes who is engaged in a fierce litigation in the French courts with her mother-in-law, the Duchesse de Chevreuse, has lately stirred up a great scandal afresh by attempting to steal her children from the old lady. The latter is an implacable religious old party who made her daughter-in-law's existence in the old chateau an agony during the life of the husband who, for his part, was a lazy lout who took his meals and was even shaved in bed, never arising except to go to church under the guidance of his disagreeable old mother. The young wife was gay, lively and not at all religious. This displeased the mother-in-law who turned her son against his wife by ringing in his ears the scandal that that the children that had been born to him were not his own but the offspring of several other more worldly and less saintly men.

One night the old lady and her son, accompanied by two priests, burst open the door of the wife's chamber and after praying over her dragged her out of bed. The husband, armed with a revolver, forced her to go to the grand hall of the chateau where all the servants had been assembled and there acknowledge on her knees that she had been unfaithful to him.

When he died the old woman fired her neck and heels out of doors and she has been fighting ever since for the custody of her children.

SHORN BY DELILAH.

The Richest Man in Paw Paw, Michigan, Gets into a Rich Scrape.

The wealthiest man in Paw Paw, Michigan, B. A. Olney, took legal action on the 14th ult. to restrain a woman, Jane Ann Manley, of Hartford, Mich., from collecting or disposing of his note for \$20,000 given by him to her. He avers that while visiting her house in December last, having with him a little basket containing \$80,000 in money, notes and mortgages, she managed to remove the papers and fill it up with chips instead.

He went away and did not discover his loss until the next day. When he demanded the return of his property she refused and threatened to destroy the papers unless he gave her \$20,000. This he did to save the deeds and notes but now he wants to be relieved from paying on the ground of duress. There is said to be a big scandal underlying the purely financial features of this case, of which more anon. It is boldly stated by some of the gossip that the emotional is the more important part of the business.

SKATING HORSES.

A Band of Road Agents in the Yosemite Country Put Snow Shoes on Their Steeds.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The past winter has been



LUCAS NOWICKE,
JAILED IN MILWAUKEE, WIS., FOR A CRUEL MURDER.



FREDERICK JESKE,
MURDERER OF HIS SON AT MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Jailer in a cell and escaped. On March 31, however, he gave himself up to the authorities at Appleton, Wis., and he was taken back to his quarters, the State paying reward of \$200 for the return of this expensive white elephant.

Edward Wood, alias H. M. De Forrest, was arrested in Milwaukee, Jan. 7, 1882, and is now awaiting trial for grand larceny. He has been the most expert baggage thief in the west. His

plan was to take the checks from trunks and buy a ticket and have them checked to some other point. When he was captured he had in his possession a sample trunk containing goods valued at \$1,400.

Lucas Nowicke has been sentenced to state prison for ten years for an assault with intent to kill a citizen of Milwaukee. If he had succeeded in killing the jury would probably have disagreed but as he only made the attempt and failed he must be punished.

True Love's Sacrifice.

True love and romance still exist, it seems, but it lurks in places remote from the refine-

ments of civilization. The modern city belle is too fly to get really dead gone on her beau. If her beauty be only skin deep her love is true. When she gets a man in her eye with matrimonial intent she finds it more comfortable to keep him there than to take him into her heart. She can shake or be shaken then without any serious consequences to herself.

It was quite different with Ida Wright, the young daughter of a farmer residing twenty miles to the north of Fort Wayne, Ind. She loved a young man named Harley Kane, who was not favored by her parents. Several attempts were made by the couple to elope but each time they were caught and the girl was brought back and locked up. On March 25 the



EDWARD WOOD,
ALIAS H. M. DE FOREST, BAGGAGE STEALER; ARRESTED AT MILWAUKEE, WIS.

unfortunate lover fell ill and in a week died of diphtheria. The parents of the young woman made no secret of their satisfaction that a source of great apprehension had been removed by his demise and hoped that she would soon forget her dead love after the manner of young women generally, but Ida mourned and pined and grew worse daily instead of better. Finally on the night of April 15 she disappeared from her father's house and the next morning her corpse was found in the country graveyard hanging to a tree near her lover's last resting place. Determined that death should not separate them, she had deliberately committed suicide. Her



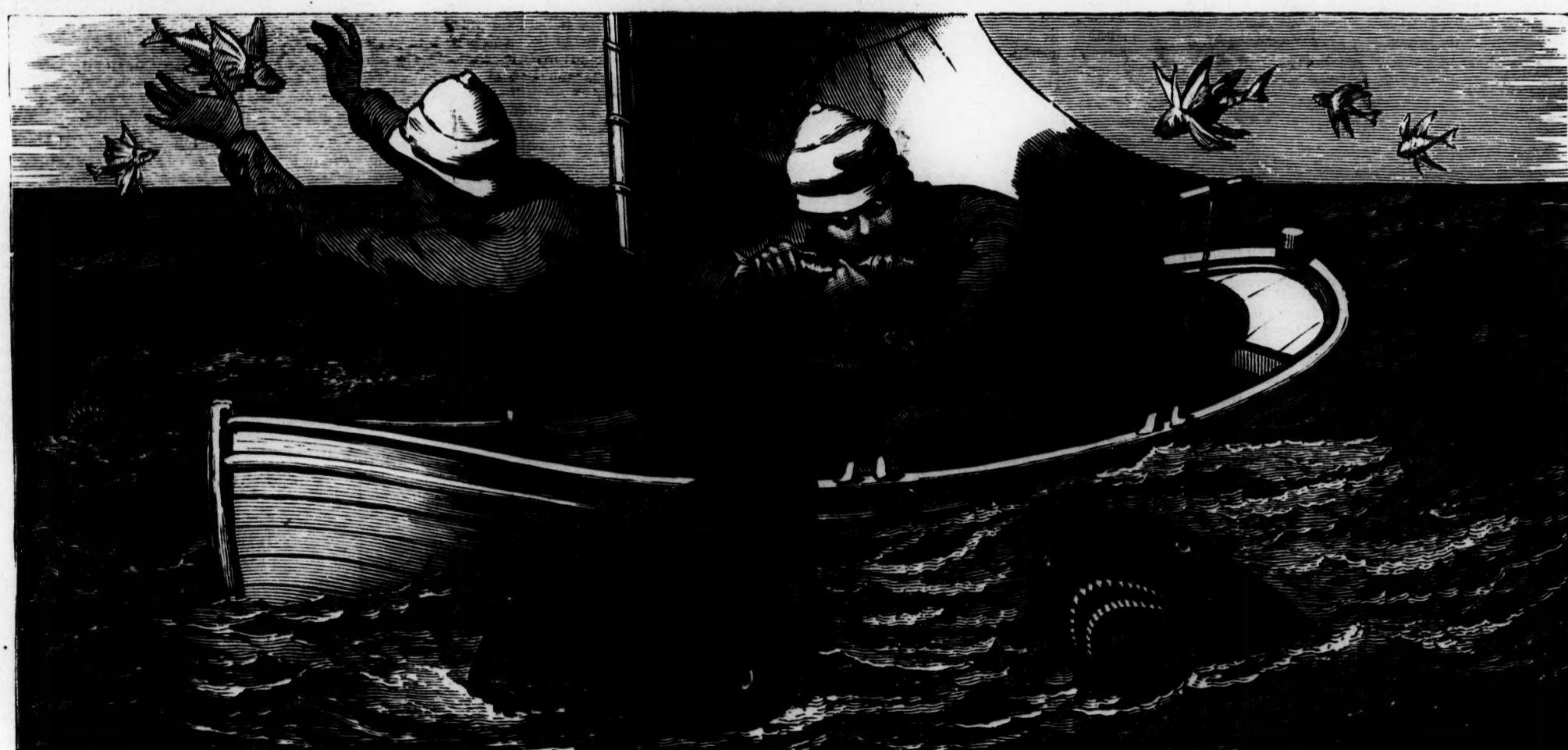
A GHASTLY ROMANCE.

A LOVE-LOVING MAIDEN OF FORT WAYNE, IND., IS FOUND HANGING TO THE TREE THAT GROWS OVER THE GRAVE OF HER BETROTHED.



HERMAN HILDEN,
ONE OF A SQUAD OF MILWAUKEE MURDERERS.

body was buried beside that of her lover by her relenting parents and now the young women who have been ridiculed for reading the shallow serial romances of the day are triumphantly hunting up their back files and flourishing their favorite authors under their parents' noses as an act of terrorism and in proof that fiction is not one-half as strange as fact.



A TERRIBLE VOYAGE

TWO BRITISH SOLDIERS, OF MAURITIUS, DRIFT FAR FROM LAND IN A SMALL BOAT ON THE INDIAN OCEAN AND PASS A WEEK OF TERROR, SURROUNDED BY SHARKS AND SUBSISTING ON FLYING FISH, EATEN RAW.

A Fly Copper.

Patrick H. Bowes, a Brooklyn policeman, has got himself into trouble through his susceptibility to the charms of the gentler sex. He was last week brought before General Jourdan on a charge of "flirting." The complaint made by the Captain of the Seventh Precinct charges that "said patrolman, being a married man, during the past few weeks has been having clandestine meetings and delivering notes surreptitiously to one Minnie Roberson, she being of tender age and easily influenced; that these notes contained expressions of love, urging her to avoid the watchfulness of her friends, and encouraging her to disobedience and impropriety of conduct; that said notes also contain expressions highly indecorous and unseemly from a married man to an unmarried female."

The investigations brought out some spicy details of the doings of the naughty policeman and his thoughtless charmer. The evidence showed that the officer solaced the weary hours that he was compelled to pass in the rooms of the station while waiting to go out on his post where he could take a good sleep, by flirting with the fair maiden who lived at 365 Manhattan avenue, and whose chamber window was in sight of the station house.

Miss Roberson, when put upon the stand, gave the business dead away, as will be seen by the following report of her examination:

Q. Do you know Officer Bowes? A. I do. I have known him three months.

Q. How did you become acquainted with him? A. Through flirtations.

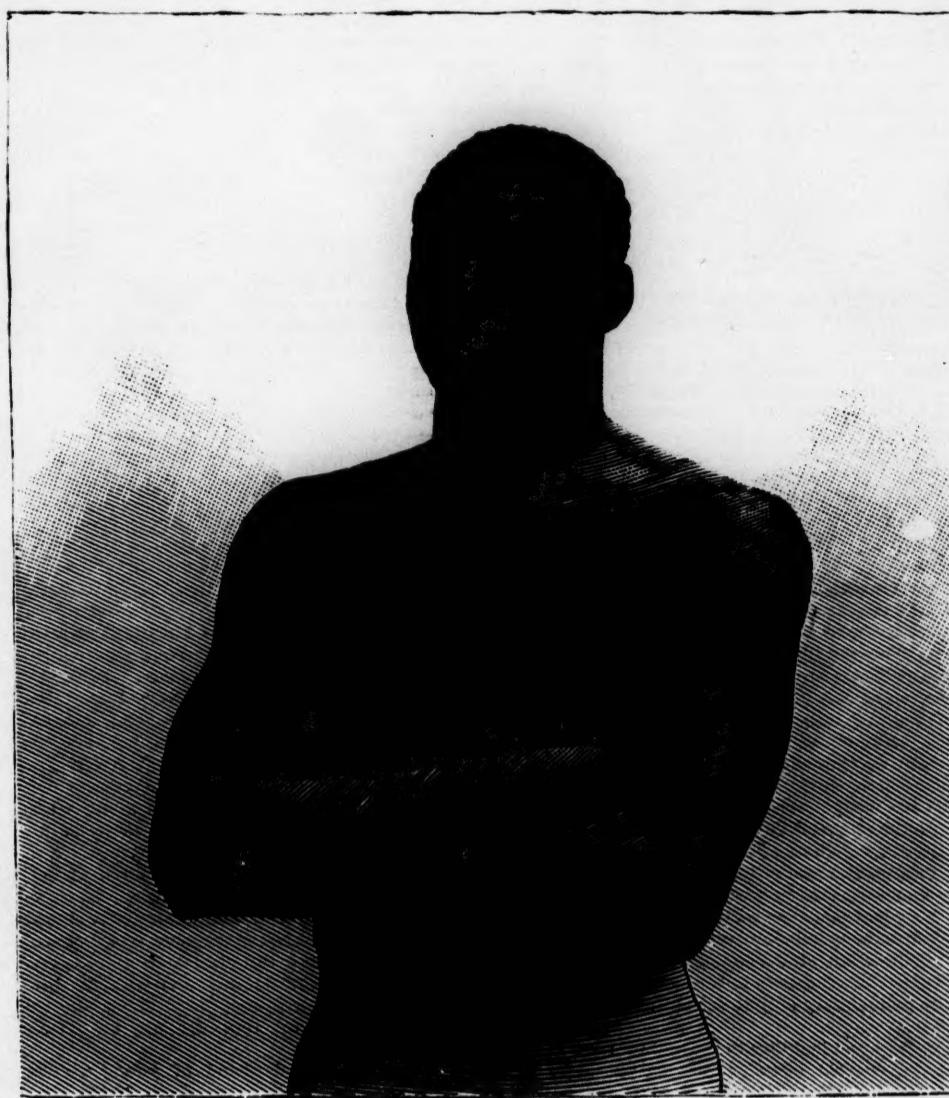
Q. In what manner were the flirtations carried on? A. From my window and that of the station-house. I could see him from the station-house window from the back window of my house.

Q. What was the nature of the flirtations? A. He kissed his hand several times and made motions.

Q. What was the nature of the motions? A. He would make motions with his hands to indicate what time he would be off duty, and when I could see him. If he held up two fingers, for instance, I would know that he would be at the corner at 2 o'clock.

Q. Who wrote first? A. I wrote to him to warn him that we were watched.

Q. Did you know that he was a married man?

**"BLACK SAM,"**

COLORED CHAMPION WRESTLER OF VERMONT.

A. I did not until last Friday, when I saw his little girl.

Q. What was your object in carrying on these flirtations? A. No object whatever. My mother did not know anything about it. He never told me he was a married man. We met in my hall once after dark. He was in uniform at the time. We only talked together a few minutes. He indulged in some expressions of love. He kissed me on one occasion—that was the first time I met him. It was in India street. He kissed me several times after that.

Prof. Chas. Hadley, of Bridgeport, Conn.

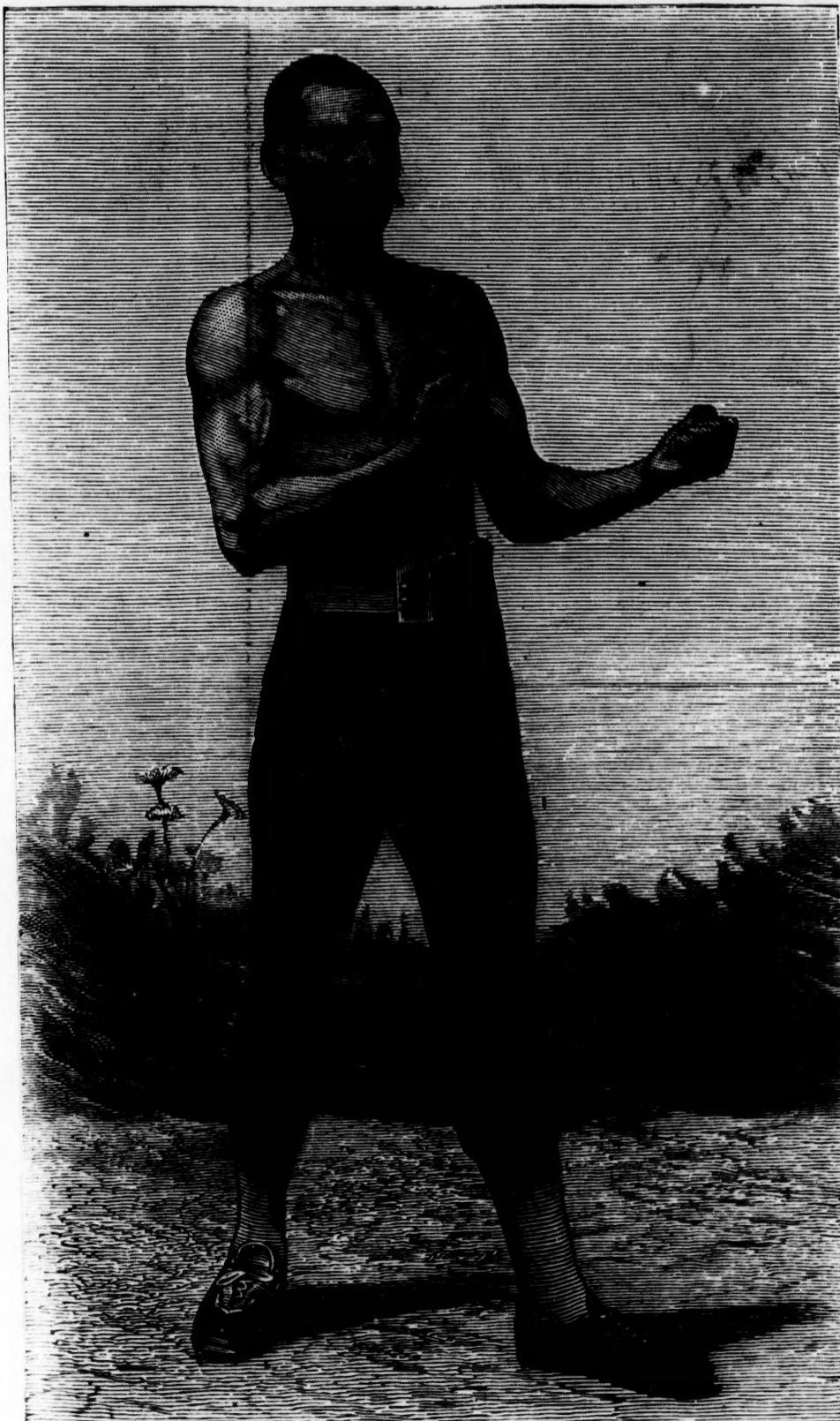
This noted colored pugilist, whose portrait appears in this issue, hails from Bridgeport, Conn. He stands 5ft. 9in. in height and weighs 160lbs. He is the pupil of Ed McGlinchey, the noted Bridgeport boxer. Hadley is a clever sparer, and will be matched by Frank Stevenson to fight any colored pugilist in America for \$500 a side. He has won the POLICE GAZETTE Champion Colored Medal twice, and at the Alhambra on June 8 he is to meet all of the colored division to win the trophy finally and make it his own property.

Viro Small, Noted Colored Wrestler.

In this issue we publish a picture of Viro Small, better known as "Black Sam," of Vermont, the colored wrestler. He was born at Buford, South Carolina, in 1854. He stands 5ft. 9 $\frac{1}{4}$ in. in height and weighs 184lbs. In 1870 he went to St. Albans, Vt., where he resided until 1881, when he came to this city to give exhibitions at wrestling at Owney Geoghegan's Old House at Home. While sojourning in Vermont he won numerous matches, defeating Jack Callan, W. Downey and others. On April 27, 1882, in this city, he defeated Wm. Johnson, of Rutland, Vt., in a collar-and-elbow match for a purse.

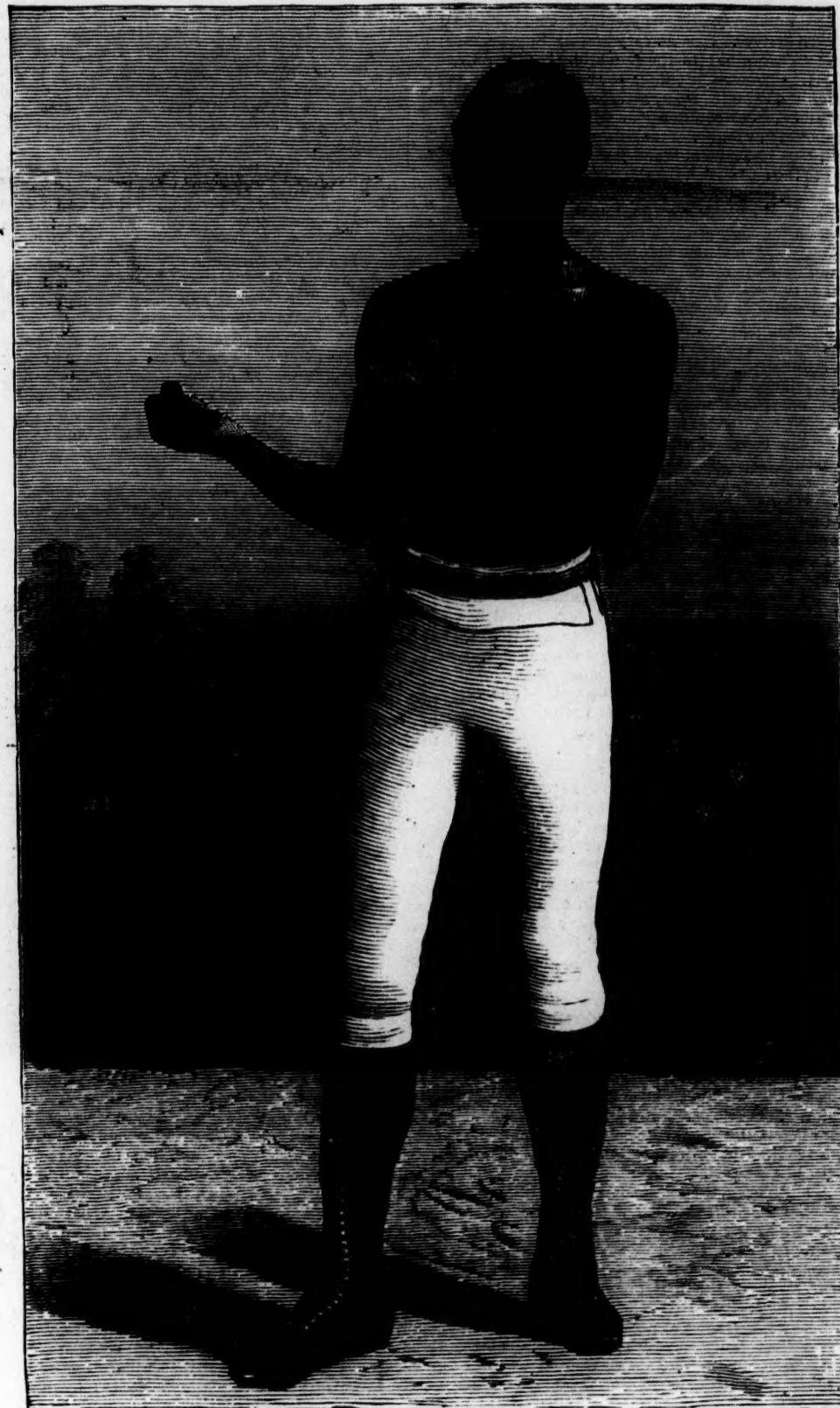
George Godfrey, Boston's Colored Pugilist.

George Godfrey, the colored pugilist, is the champion of Boston. He stands 5ft. 8in. in height and weighs 160 pounds. He is a scientific fighter and has been challenged by Prof. Hadley to battle for \$500 a side. He is considered the most scientific colored boxer in America. Boston sporting men are ready to back him against all comers in a scientific display.

**GEORGE GODFREY,**

COLORED PUGILIST, OF BOSTON, MASS., TO BE MATCHED WITH HADLEY.

[Photo. by John Wood, 208 Bowery.]

**PROFESSOR HADLEY,**

COLORED PUGILIST, WINNER OF THE "POLICE GAZETTE" MEDAL.

CROOKED LIFE IN NEW YORK.

The Mysteries of Metropolitan Crime and
Criminals Unveiled.

By the Author of "The Man-traps of New York,"
"Faro Exposed," etc., etc.

CHAPTER X.

SHOPLIFTERS AND THEIR WAYS.

The species of crime known as shoplifting or larceny committed in a store is essentially womanish. Very few men are affected by it. In the Court of Special Sessions where cases of this kind are usually tried the offenders are nearly all females. Petit larceny seems to have a peculiar attraction for the weaker sex. Thus in the year ending November, 1880, out of the 300 women convicted of crime 215 of the convictions were of petit larceny.

Not more than two or three of the 1,467 males found guilty of petit thefts were shoplifters but with the females this particular crime had many followers.

Shoplifting has grown alarmingly prevalent of late years. Formerly it was a crime seldom brought to the notice of the police. The change is due to the number of large fancy goods stores which have sprung up in different parts of the city. Wholesale stores scarcely ever suffer from the depredations of the shoplifter. It is in the retail stores where there is a rush of customers and a constantly incoming and departing crowd of people that the offence is commonly committed.

The conditions are most favorable to the shoplifter. In the first place there are any number of counters, each displaying a variety of goods. At each counter there is a crowd of people to be waited on. While the clerks are attending to a few customers a large majority of those to be waited on move from one point to another examining the articles displayed until their turn comes around. The clerks cannot well answer the questions addressed to them by those who are purchasing goods, put articles into parcels, call the cash boy, make out bills, see that correct change is returned and so on and at the same time keep an eye on the people who are not buying. The shoplifter therefore can await her opportunity and steal at the time when the clerk's attention is attracted elsewhere.

Again, certain liberties are taken by customers which storekeepers cannot without injuring their trade interfere with.

For instance, a lady will claim the privilege of examining before buying the goods of the house. If she is not being waited on she will devote her spare time to the examination so as to be prepared to buy as soon as her turn arrives. It is no easy matter for a woman to make up her mind in these matters. She may, therefore, go from one counter to another, ask many questions and examine many articles before she makes a purchase. At one counter she will see something which strikes her fancy. It is natural for her to pick the article up and look at it and just as natural for her to come to the conclusion that it does not suit her after all.

Thousands of articles are thus taken up from and replaced on the counters of large retail stores every day. The proprietor does not feel it business-like to put a stop to the practice. Here, then, is another circumstance in the shoplifter's favor. She can pick up as many articles as she chooses and at the proper time pocket as many as she can.

Storekeepers have taken two ways to detect this class of criminals.

In some large houses private detectives are employed. They mix with the crowd, are quiet in appearance but wide awake and Argus-eyed in reality. No badge distinguishes them from the other people in the store and their clothing is the same as that worn by the ordinary citizen. If they believe a shoplifter is present they adopt means to allay her suspicions. When she happens to look in their direction they are apparently escorting some other female in her shopping expedition or even making small purchases for some lady friend whom sickness or other causes prevents from shopping herself. From hidden corners and unsuspected lurking places they watch the shoplifter, see her commit her crime, allow her to fully possess herself of the stolen article and then pounce down upon her. The private detective not infrequently however overdoes his duty. He feels that his position depends on his detection of thieves and he comes to suspect the innocent and guilty alike. Terrible mistakes sometimes follow. A guiltless person is accused, arrested, searched, locked up and held for trial. If the wronged individual be poor her discharge is the end of the matter. A civil suit for damages occasionally results where the innocent person is a lady of good family or spirited.

Many storekeepers look with disfavor on the private detective system. They have read of private detectives in other businesses committing great wrong under the guise of preventing the commission of crime. Perhaps their own experience has taught them that the private detective is very often given to blackmailing, lying, perjury and the encouragement instead of the prevention of crime. These storekeepers employ faithful men to walk the floors with no other object than the detection of any wrong doing on the part of customers or clerks. In consequence mistakes very seldom occur and when they do are readily remedied.

There are very curious features about shoplifting. It is not confined to the poor and needy but includes the wealthy as well. Not infrequently the worst offenders are the best dressed.

Again, a motive for the crime is not often found. That a person who is unable to buy either a necessary or ornamental article of goods should be so possessed of the desire to gain it that he or she risks arrest, imprisonment and disgrace is something that can be explained. So also is the theft of anything by a hungry person with the intention of selling or pawning it to buy food. These classes of people are hardly ever found shoplifting. They commit thefts but in bolder and more reckless manner. It is the woman who has money in her purse, friends in comfortable circumstances, a home for herself and family and a husband in business who is three times out of four charged with the crime. One-half the time she visits the store with the best of intentions. She has some little things to buy and enters the store to make the purchase. She even pays for what she wants and starts for the door.

The contents of the counters arrest her attention. She lingers only to be tempted, is tempted only to fall.

These cases attract the most sympathy from storekeepers, courts and the public. The complainant, although he feels he is discharging an imperative duty in pressing the charge, yet feels a disinclination to push the matter. The woman's arrest awakens her to the terrible truth that she is a criminal. She thinks of her husband, his position, his love, his respect, of her children and the shame she has brought on them of herself, a woman shunned by her neighbors, arraigned at the bar of justice with the lowest kind of people disgraced forever. Her first impulse is to deny the theft. Search reveals the stolen articles in her possession. Tears, woman's last resort, next, and then her appearance in the court.

Many women are kleptomaniacs. They are well off yet the desire to steal is irresistible. They can no more keep their hands off the storekeeper's goods than the small boy can be deterred by fear of pepper and salt or bulldog from robbing the farmer's fruit trees. To more successfully carry out her plan she has false pockets made in her sacque. If suspected of theft she can defy her accusers to find the stolen property no longer. If they search her the false pockets often escape detection. The value of the goods stolen is very little. A shoplifter is seldom charged with grand larceny. The offence is the most petit of petit larcenies.

Very rarely does the amount involved reach as high as two dollars. A pair of gloves, some ruching, a collar, a spool of thread, a pocketbook—these are the articles stolen. The frequent stealing of them is what annoys the storekeeper. The total reaches to a considerable sum of money.

The old offender is easily detected by the employees of the store. Her first arrest and trial, her denial of guilt in the face of overwhelming testimony against her, her improbable story of respectability and other incidents fix her face in their minds. She will be missing for a time but this she cannot well help for she is serving her time in the penitentiary. Singularly enough as soon as she regains her liberty she repeats her offence and selects the very same store for her operations. Now and again she will go from one store to another but without fail her steps are eventually turned in the direction of the old camping ground, where she is recognized, caught in the act and resented to the penitentiary only to turn up again in the course of time.

Extreme old age and inability to move her ancient limbs alone stops the old offender from her predatory raids. Only recently Mary Griffithshaw, sixty years of age and said to be the oldest female shoplifter in this city, was arraigned on a charge of stealing a parasol from a leading house on Broadway. She had more method in her crime than the younger members of her kind for the parasol was a costly one and would have repaid her somewhat for the risk she ran.

Professional shoplifters very often wear great cloaks. They can put away a good deal under them. By raising their folded arms under their cloaks they conceal the added size of the stolen articles give them. They have a pocket made in the front of their dress big enough to hold a number of large packages. I saw a woman unloaded one day in an up-town store, out of whose pockets was taken all that a good sized boy could carry on his outstretched arms. I remember how indignant that woman was when accused.

I was walking through a store one day when a clerk told me he thought a woman he was serving had stolen some Leghorn hats. I walked up to her and raised one of her arms suddenly. Twenty-two hats fell on the floor. You know what Leghorn hats are. They are made of a kind of grass and fold close together. She had concealed \$37 worth. She said that she had picked them up on the floor and was going to put them where the rest of the hats were kept.

The hands of an experienced shoplifter work faster than the eyes of an observer. I saw a woman putting away silk handkerchiefs in a big Grand street store. She would hold one up as if to examine it and then she would suddenly pass it into her other hand and then into a big front pocket with such lightning-like rapidity that I really couldn't tell what she was doing but thought she was putting them back on the counter. I made a study of the subject and caught her. Shoplifters often steal valises and baskets and then go around the store filling them up.

The worst thing shoplifters do is to steal from customers. They are very fond of taking pocketbooks and valises. Storekeepers would a good deal rather they would steal from them for their victims are sure to give a store where they are robbed a bad reputation. Not long ago a lady who had \$128 in silver in a valise rested it on a counter a moment and it disappeared. She found an old one in its place. The thieves who took it knew that she had the money and had followed her for a long distance but she very naturally blamed the store for her misfortune and never visited it again.

CHAPTER XI.

SOME METROPOLITAN SHOPLIFTERS.

To what extent shoplifting is carried on in this city is shown by the case of Sophia Frey, a German woman, who was arrested about a year ago in O'Neill's store on Sixth avenue. She carried a satchel in which were found the proceeds of no less than fifty larcenies. On her were discovered three pocketbooks which did not belong to her, demonstrating that she had successfully carried on pocket picking as well as shoplifting. Her time was well selected, being Saturday afternoon when the store was generally crowded. The other articles in the satchel were made up of trinkets, millinery and laces.

In some instances a man and wife make shoplifting a regular business. One case of this kind occurred in Brooklyn some time since. The couple were named George and Mary White, neither of whom was more than thirty years old. Their operations had extended through several months. They were arrested in their house where thirty-five pawn tickets, representing stolen articles aggregating more than \$1,000, were found. Their shoplifting performances might have eluded notice had not burglary been also committed by them. The residence of a lady in Adelphi street, Brooklyn, was burglarized. The police upon investigation concluded that the act was committed by persons living in the house. The Whites were servants there but the lady declared she had confidence in them. A few months afterward a Fulton street storekeeper was robbed of some pieces of flannel by a female shoplifter. His description of her tallied with that of the woman White. The flannel was found in a pawn shop. A policeman in his search for the Whites accidentally discovered the thirty-five pawn tickets secreted under the flooring of a barn adjoining his residence. A few months afterward a Fulton street storekeeper was robbed of some pieces of flannel by a female shoplifter. His description of her tallied with that of the woman White. The flannel was found in a pawn shop. A policeman in his search for the Whites accidentally discovered the thirty-five pawn tickets secreted under the flooring of a barn adjoining his residence. In the next house the Whites lived, as was

subsequently ascertained. The goods taken from the pawn shop made a wagon load.

In another dry goods store in Brooklyn a special officer saw a middle-aged woman take a pair of stockings from a counter and conceal them in her pocket. She was in the company of a younger woman who claimed to be her daughter-in-law. When searched in the store the stockings, a comb and a pair of kid gloves were found in the elder woman's possession and afterwards in the same house two pocketbooks containing \$600 were taken from the alleged daughter-in-law. The women took their arrest very quietly. They were well known professionals.

A pale faced, quiet, respectable looking woman who gave the name of Wilhelmina Smith was tried in Special Sessions on a charge of stealing a piece of cloth from a Grand street storekeeper. She cried bitterly when arraigned. The bungling way in which the theft was committed and the woman's simple story and apparently genuine grief impressed the court with the idea that it was her first offence. She admitted that the name of Smith was assumed, gave her real name and said she was the widow of a book publisher who was the son of the founder of the German Turn Verein societies. He at one time had wealth and she lived very comfortably. She went into society, founded the German Women's Benefit Association and traveled in Europe. Her husband became poor and committed suicide. She was left destitute and was driven to commit theft. The court imposed a five days' sentence upon her.

A story not at all plausible was told in the same court by a small, middle aged damsel who had been caught shoplifting in Ridley's dry goods store. In Essex Market Court she said she lived in New Jersey, but when she got into Special Sessions she had changed her residence to Connecticut. In each instance she was held not only to give the state but the city she had fled from. She had, she said, come to town to collect bills due her and was on her return home when she stepped into the store to purchase some small articles. She left the store to dine and returned. She asserted that she had bought the goods found on her, but employees of the firm testified that they had closely watched her and had seen her commit the theft. Mrs. Lewis, such was the name she gave, took her sentence of six months like the veriest criminal. She walked straight for the Bridge of Sighs without guidance, confirming in the minds of the audience the assertion of the complainant that she was an old offender.

About a year ago a regular band of young women made the stores along Sixth avenue suffer from their petty thefts. They went over a regular route in which were included many prominent stores. Finally three of the women were arrested. Upon their trial each tried to shield her companion. One who gave the well known name of Smith had been seen by a policeman stealing a silk dress while the others shielded her, as they thought, from view.

Ellen Willard, one of the prisoners, claimed to have met the girl Smith by accident, to have asked her where to buy a dress and to have accompanied the other to the suggestion to the store in which they were arrested. She claimed also to be respectable and to have been in the city only a few days, having come from Cincinnati. Her story was not believed.

There have been cases of shoplifting come up for trial in Special Sessions where although the women accused of the offences were respectfully connected, had no good reason for the act and bore a hitherto good character, their counsel put in pleas of guilty. One of these was a woman living in Lexington avenue. The goods she had stolen amounted to twenty-eight cents in value. Fifty dollars fine was imposed and it was paid at once. In another case a woman who had a good social position up-town and was a prominent member of the Methodist church, pleaded guilty of shoplifting in the same court. One of the magistrates knew her to be what she claimed. His persuasions and her tears induced the other magistrate to let her off with a day's imprisonment.

The most mysterious case of the kind known was that of a female who was tried under the name of Mary Seaver. She acknowledged it was not her real name but protested she would die rather than tell her real name. She had robbed Simpson, Crawford and Simpson of \$12 worth of stockings, kid gloves, linen scarfs and other articles which she had concealed in a private pocket of her dress. Her counsel pleaded guilty and she was fined \$100 which was paid forthwith. She had no friends in the court room and had doubtless kept her shame a secret from her friends and relatives.

In other cases the defendants, in the face of positive swearing on the part of the complainants, have stuck to their plea of innocence from the moment of their arrest until the evidence on the trial had been all received. There is a recent case of the arrest and trial of the wife of a musician and an older French woman her companion. The evidence against them was of a positive character, a clerk in the employ of the store where the theft was alleged to have been committed stating and repeating under oath, despite severe cross-examination, that he had seen the younger woman take the property, pass it to her friend and then make denial of its possession, only acknowledging the truth when she saw she would be detected in a lie. The court preferred to believe the prisoner's assertion of innocence and dismissed the case.

A similar case was tried in the same court—Special Sessions—a short time before that. The prisoner was charged with stealing a bottle of cologne from a store in Sixth avenue. Two witnesses for the prosecution testified to the taking of the cologne. The accused was so overcome by her situation that she had to be almost literally carried upon the witness stand. She did not deny having the cologne in her possession but claimed that she thought she had paid for it because she was pricing two bottles of cologne when she saw a lady forget her valise and ran after her to notify her of her loss, carrying the cologne openly in her hand and having put half a dollar on the counter to pay for it. Her statement was credited although the prosecution's witness swore that she had concealed the property under her cloak.

In a more recent case, however, a great wrong was done a respectable woman by an employee of a Grand street store who had her arrested for shoplifting. She easily established her innocence and was discharged. Then she sued the storekeeper. His defense was that his employee had caused her arrest without authority. The injured woman was given a verdict of several thousand dollars.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE Russian embezzler Bromiroki, whose portrait we published last week was not in America after all. He was arrested a couple of weeks ago in Germany. So after all the boys needn't look for those 2,000 roubles reward.

RECORDS OF "BAD MEN."

A String of Villainies that make Angels Weep and the Imps of Satan Grin.

On May 10 Mr. Saunders, of Minneapolis, Minn., received a large sum of money after banking hours and was obliged to keep it in his house over night. A couple of roughs noted this fact and shadowed him to his home. He went out for a stroll with some friends during the evening, leaving his wife alone. She retired at 9 o'clock but was startled after she had disrobed and tucked herself in under the blankets by a smothered sneeze under the bed. She lay perfectly quiet until half past nine when her husband came in and then silently informed him by means of the deaf and dumb alphabet that there was a robber under the bed. Mr. Saunders dropped to the situation at once. He took off his coat and vest as if he were disrobing for the night and then grasping a heavy walking cane pulled the bed from the wall and began an assault on the intruder. There was a desperate fight and the burglar being the stronger was rapidly getting the best of it when others were drawn to the scene by the racket. Seeing the odds against him the desperate ruffian made a rush and a clean jump through the window—a second story one—carrying sash and all with him, and escaped.

THE cheek of those cowboys! Just listen to this. At 5 o'clock on the evening of May 12 a famous cowboy desperado, Dick Richards, who has killed several men and got away with it, entered the garrison quarters at Fort Garland, Col., accompanied by another desperado named Jim Catron and with his revolver in hand ordered one of the soldiers to light his cigar for him. The squad of soldiers in the guard house gave the two ruffians a volley without any further parley. Richards fell dead and Catron who was mounted charged the soldiers and attempted to ride them down but was wounded. He then turned and galloped away, exchanging shots with the troops. He succeeded in reaching the camp of his fellows on the creek but is said to be desperately wounded. The two ruffians had been whooping up things in the town and having driven all the citizens out concluded that they would take the fort by surprise and make all the soldiers leave it. The prompt action of the boys in blue, however, nipped their enterprise in the bud. This may be taken as a first step of President Arthur's campaign. We have no doubt the lawless villains will be treated to a succession of such strokes that will speedily convince them that when they are dealing with the general government and the army boys they have no ten-foot sheriff's posse in hand.

LASSOED FROM THE PULPIT.

How a Texas Desperado Undertook to Run a Church and was Surprised.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The vigilantes of Baxter County, Texas, have been up and doing in a style that has convinced evil doers that that part of Texas is no place for them. A ruffian cowboy who had been playing his outrageous antics in the most lawless manner in the state, and who had the temerity to raid churches while the services were in progress, making the parson come down from the pulpit and dance while the brethren sang, boldly announced that he was due in the vicinity of Medina, and that a little Methodist church not far from that town would receive his early attention. The brethren grimly awaited his coming, and he came Sunday, the 16th ult.

He rushed up the middle aisle as the parson was giving out a hymn, and pistol in hand commanded him to come down, firing one shot at the ceiling to intimidate those present. Then did that congregation come out strong. The members put their hands in their pockets and produced noosed ropes, and the parson reaching under the pulpit, brought out a stout lariat with which, by a dexterous cast he lassoed the desperado and yanked him over the altar rail where he was securely bound. Then the congregation took him out to the picnic grove, hanged him to a tree, singing hymns during the entire proceedings, and then gravely returned and finished their interrupted devotions. That's an unhealthy county for tramps and desperadoes, you bet.

HYMEN'S CURIOS.

Specimens of Queer, Quaint, and Sensational Methods of Tying the Love Knot.

On Feb. 13, 1882, Gustave G. Loeffler, a wealthy German of Milwaukee, Wis., got a divorce from his wife Christians on the then existing law allowing a man or wife to get a divorce on showing that his or her partner had been incurably insane for the period of five years. Immediately after he married a young woman named Sedalia Brown and now his daughter by the first wife comes forward with an affidavit that his first partner never was insane but is suffering from an illness occasioned by his brutal treatment of her. Gustave is decidedly in a fix.

Mr. and Mrs. Farnsworth, of Cincinnati, are in the court in that city wrangling and washing soiled linen for a divorce. Farnsworth, it is alleged, used to go out twice a week to attend the seances of a spiritualist named Mrs. Renner, and finally, they say, fell in love with the medium and neglected his family. He reports that Mrs. Farnsworth confessed that she had been untrue and that she had occupied the same room with a Mr. Harmo, who had danced the can-can in his night shirt for her amusement. The case is still on and promises to develop much richness.

A TERRIBLE VOYAGE.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Two English soldiers on duty at Mauritius in the Indian ocean went out for an excursion in a small skiff one day last month. They fell into a strong current and despite their best efforts were carried far out to sea where they drifted for nine days at the mercy of the winds and waves with no food but flying fish which they caught in their hands as they darted over and around the boat.

These were of course eaten raw and a little rain water allayed their burning thirst. The greatest terror of all was an enormous shoal of sharks that followed their course, snapping their jaws, nosing the boat and evidently anticipating the rich morsels of humanity which they were assured would soon fall to their share. One man died in great agony after the boat had been out five days but the other held on to life until the skiff was drifted ashore at the island of Reunion where he was rescued and his life preserved only by the greatest care and most careful nursing.

THE MALLEY BOYS.

Progress of the Prosecution in the Murder Case.

The Testimony of Witnesses who Recognized the Malleys in Jennie's Company on the Fatal Night.

The trial of the Malley boys for the murder of poor Jennie Cramer was resumed in New Haven on May 16. The prosecution still kept at its task of piling up new evidence going to prove that the dandy boys lied outright in their statement in regard to their interview with the murdered girl. This, the seventeenth day of the trial, was opened by the holding of the reception and levee by the Malloys who were surrounded by the gushing young girls of New Haven. Blanche Douglass, deserted as usual, passed the morning in reading a book entitled the "Sorrows of Love."

Wm. B. Hunter testified that he went to Savin Rock with his wife and a Miss Kendrick on the evening of August 5. At 9 P.M. he saw a young lady riding on the flying horses. Three gentlemen and another lady were in the party. He watched them for 15 minutes. The next morning between 5 and 6 o'clock he saw the body of the same young lady on the beach. He thought the party on the flying horses were in company because they were laughing and talking together. The young lady rode an outside horse. A dark complexioned Irishman with a black moustache rode the inside horse. He wore a cap and seemed to be intoxicated. Two gentlemen and a lady rode in a swing seat behind. The lady on the horse laughed and talked fondly and at one time he heard her say, "My God, I'm paralyzed!" When the horses stopped the young lady alighted and went off towards the swings with the gentlemen and lady who were in the seat behind her.

Miss Jennie Kendrick corroborated all the previous witness had said. She described the dress and rings worn by the lady on the flying horse and this description corresponded with the attire and adornment of Jennie Cramer. The man with the black moustache who rode beside the lady, witness said, was drunk. When the horses stopped the drunken gentleman with the Irish accent went off in one direction and the young lady in white in another with the two gentlemen and a lady who had sat behind her.

Matilda J. Inwood, an English woman who looked and talked as if she had just stepped out of one of Dickens' books, testified with a most bewildering dropping of asperites that she had recognized in the body of a young woman found on the beach at Savin Rock on the morning of Aug. 6, the same young person she had seen on the flying horses on the night of August 5 at twenty minutes to eleven o'clock. There was no one on the 'orses with her but there was a lady and two gentlemen in a swinging seat facing each other riding just ahead of her. The witness identified James Malley in court as one of the young men who had sat with the young woman in the swinging seat. Her identification of the Malleys was positive.

Joseph H. Marion, who worked the flying horses, had seen Jennie on the horse and identified her body the next morning.

Bernard Mentzner, owner of these famous horses, testified to the same effect in regard to the girl, her actions and the identification of her body.

On the 17th ult. Wm. W. Selby, telegraph operator at Stamford, Conn., testified that he received the following despatch at 5:55 P.M. on Thursday, Aug. 4, two days before Jennie's body was found:

"To Walter E. Malley, Stamford, Conn.—

"Blanche O. K. Found her at the dress-makers."

"J. MALLEY."

The witness identified Walter Malley in court as the young man who had called for the telegram at 6½ P.M. on the date mentioned. When he received it he gave a sigh of relief, inquired what time a train left for New Haven, boarded it and returned to that city.

Benj. F. Brady, the man who had an "Aunt Sally" ball game at Savin Rock testified to having seen Jennie Cramer at Savin Rock on the evening of Aug. 5 with a young man, and identified James Malley as the person.

John M. Crowe, a carpenter, testified to the same effect, and also identified Malley. He, too, heard the remark of the young lady, "I'm paralyzed!"

James P. Brewer, New Haven detective, testified that he went to New York with a warrant and arrested Blanche Douglass at a bagnio in 31st street.

Mr. Stoddard, on behalf of Miss Douglass objected to this statement. The District Attorney explained that it was his purpose to show that the Malleys conspired with Miss Douglass to entrap Jennie Cramer; that under the cloak of respectability they brought her from a house of ill-fame to further their designs on their victim.

The detective said on his cross-examination that Blanche told him she paid \$15 a week for her board in the New York bagnio, and that Walter had dropped in there one night and had taken a violent fancy to her. This part of the testimony was decidedly and broadly vulgar, and as the ladies did not blush the judge blushed for them, and said if the counsel did not tone down he would have to clear the court.

On the 18th ult. the prosecution had another field day. Dr. Warren A. Spaulding, a New Haven druggist, produced a record of the purchase of four ounces of arsenic by Walter Malley on Sept. 6, 1880—eleven months before Jennie Cramer's body was found.

George D. Kelsey, one of the coroner's jury in the Jennie Cramer inquest, was called, and gave from memory the testimony of James and Walter Malley and Blanche Douglass before the coroner. Walter Malley testified that he first saw Blanche on the New Haven boat, she was introduced to him by John Duff. Walter said he regarded her as a highly respectable young lady. Mr. Duff said her brother had requested him to get her a quiet boarding place. Walter testified that he had first met Jennie four weeks before her body was found. On Aug. 3 he had invited Blanche and Jennie to visit his father's house in the evening, the family being out of town. James came with them. They passed the evening in singing and playing on the piano. During the evening, Walter said, Blanche was taken ill and he gave her brandy. Jennie was anxious to go home, but she was persuaded to stay on Blanche's account. The girls occupied one chamber and Walter and James slept by themselves. The next morning the girls left without breakfast unseen by the servants, and as they crossed the lawn to take a horse-car that was the last he and James saw of Jennie Cramer alive. Walter said he started for New York because he feared Jennie would go there and tell her brother that she

had passed the night in the Malley house and thus create a scandal.

James Malley's testimony was detailed by the witness and was closely corroborative of what Walter had testified to.

Blanche Douglass told before the coroner the cooked up story that she had been put in the care of John Duff by her brother, who had requested him to find her a quiet boarding place for the summer. She told the Malley story about the events of the night visit with Jennie to the mansion. She said she went with Mrs. Cramer to her mother the next morning; that Mrs. Cramer was violent. Blanche told her that Jennie had slept with her (Blanche) all night at the Elliott House, but Mrs. Cramer was angry, and said that was no place for her daughter. Then Jennie left the house alone and Blanche left a few minutes after. She met Walter on the street and told him what had happened. She also told him that she had seen Jennie go by on a West Haven horse car, but had kept her head turned, as she did not wish the young girl to recognize her. That she said, was the last she ever saw of Jennie Cramer.

An effort was made by the prosecution to introduce Walter Malley's love letters to Blanche Douglass, the District Attorney saying he proposed to use them to show that the Malley boys testified falsely at the inquest, and to prove Walter's intimacy with Blanche. The defense admitted both these points and the District Attorney withdrew the letters to the great relief of the Malleys. Blanche laughed heartily at their alarm.

This case was adjourned this day after the announcement by the prosecution that only one witness more would be called.

The session of the 19th ult. was occupied by counsel for the prosecution in trying to get admitted the junior's testimony in regard to Blanche Douglass' confession at the midnight session of the coroner's jury on Aug. 16, 1881, but Judge Graner ruled it out.

This confession, as privately detailed to a reporter by Dr. Painter who took official notes of it for the coroner, is as follows: Blanche said her real name was Annie Kearns, twenty years of age, born in New York of poor parents, her father a cabinet maker. Her mother died when Blanche was 14, her father did not take good care of her and she was seduced by his employer. She had a child by him but it died before it was a year old from lack of proper care. Soon afterward she married but left her husband because he ill-treated her and took refuge at Lizzie Bundy's house. Had been there only two or three weeks when she made the acquaintance of Walter Malley who called himself Walter Hardin. He used to visit her three times a week, gave her money and bought her new dresses. In July, 1881, he asked her to go to New Haven with him and after much solicitation she finally agreed and went up with him on the boat. There she met James Malley and Jennie Cramer and was introduced to the latter. She had seen James before. They went to the Malley house and stayed late. She was not sick but only pretended to be to make Jennie stay. She declared she wouldn't for a long time but she agreed that she would not leave Blanche.

The following abstract from Dr. Painter's notes, finishes off Blanche's confession in her own language: "How much wine did you drink that evening?" she was asked.

"Oh, considerable; they put something in the wine that Jennie drank that made her crazy; after a while we were running around the rooms, and Jim picked Jennie up and carried her up stairs."

"Did she struggle any?"

"Yes, she resisted, but James carried her up and laid her on the bed; we had some fun up there and then Walter and I went to our own room; next morning we got breakfast at Redcliffe's, and then we came to the Elliott House; Jennie said I must tell her mother I stayed with her; so I did. I never saw her after I passed her on the West Haven horse car."

"Did you see Walter and James on Sunday, after the body was found?"

"Yes, they came down to the Austin House in the afternoon; they had been to see Mr. Blydenburgh and they were contriving some story to tell at the coroner's jury: they made half a dozen, but none of them suited exactly; finally they got this one that we testified to at the coroner's jury. Walter wrote the address No. 23 East Thirty-fourth street across the corner of a handkerchief which I thought was mine, but was Mr. Blydenburgh's, that was the one I had in the trial: I was afraid I should forget the address: I stayed up nearly all night in the room learning my part of the story to tell; I walked the floor till one or two o'clock."

"So you never saw anything more of Jennie after Thursday noon?"

"No; I never saw her again."

It is the general impression in New Haven, that the prosecution has not made a case on which the jury can convict of murder.

AUGUSTUS D. LEIGHTON.

Hanged at the Tombs, May 19th, for the Murder of His Mistress.

[With Portrait.]

Augustus D. Leighton, the young mulatto who killed his mistress, Mary L. Dean, on the 13th of June, 1880, was hanged at the Tombs, New York, on Friday morning, May 19. The crime he committed upon the gallows was caused by jealousy. His victim was a bright mulatto girl with whom he was infatuated and with whom his relations for some time were very intimate, but constancy was not one of her virtues and she threw him off for other lovers.

This infuriated Leighton and during a quarrel with Mary on the stoop of her residence in Twenty-sixth street the maddened man cut her throat with a razor, severing her head almost from her body.

Leighton was a fine looking fellow with pleasant manners, more than ordinary intelligence and had borne a good character. When sentenced he made a speech to the court worthy of a trained lawyer. He closed with an eloquent peroration in which the following passages occurred:

"I can meet death calmly and resolutely, but will not be resigned to it. Education has done too much for me, nature too little." Then followed a dramatic scene. Raising his right hand he cried out: "I swear by this blood-stained hand I never intended to murder Mary Dean."

A PIUS ROBBERY.

The meanest thing the late legislature did, was levying a \$500 tax on the vendors of the POLICE GAZETTE. Phœbus because Texas is quartered in the pitié age, shall there be no more POLICE GAZETTE? The legislature has branded the word "ass" to its other cognomens. No lobbyists had the truthful GAZETTE!—Huntsville (Texas) Item.

THE DEVIL'S OWN.

Some Deeds in which Satan Does Not Conceal His Agency.

ED. FRAZIER, colored, of Plattsburg, Mo., heard that Charles Anderson, also colored, had made insulting proposals to his (Frazier's) wife, so he went out and threw a brick at him. Anderson turned about and went for Frazier with a club, whereupon the latter drew a revolver and shot him dead.

A PAINTER named J. D. Peters, while painting the front of a residence in Dubuque, Iowa, peered in at a third story window, and seeing that the thirteen year old daughter of the occupant of the house was alone in one of the rooms, clambered in from his ladder, and throwing her on the bed attempted an outrage. He was caught in the act and arrested.

SEVERAL weeks since a man named Beard was caught by a Mr. Carroll, of Cherokee, Cal., in the act of seducing the latter's daughter. The enraged father gave the young fellow a terrible beating before he could get away. The next day he was arrested in his cabin and taken out handcuffed. He requested permission of the sheriff to step back into his cabin for a moment. This was granted. He went back and cut his throat from ear to ear. When the sheriff went in for him he found him dead.

A SAD romance from Colorado. A Dr. Aldrich who found it too hot for him in Omaha, removed to Trinidad, Col., and resumed practice under the name of Dr. Washington. A young lady fell under his professional care, and he treated her in such fashion that she found herself in due time likely to become a mother. As she was engaged to be married this was decided rough for a starter. The poor girl was afraid to tell her relatives or her intended of the peculiar medical treatment she had received, and took such steps for her relief that she was laid on her death bed. She wrote a letter of confession to her lover and concealed it in her hair where it was found when she was dead. The young man after reading this letter mustered his friends and went for that physician. They caught him at Otero where he had taken refuge by giving himself up to the sheriff and getting himself locked up in jail. The crowd had him out and hanged him to a tree until he was dead.

ROWS AND RUCIONS.

Pugnacious Demonstrations and Squabbles of all Kinds by Both Sexes.

WHILE the family of Dr. Taylor, of Palmyra, Mo., were at church on the 14th ult., a tramp broke into the house and was packing up all the valuables when a young hired man chance to drop in. There was the liveliest go-as-you-please rough-and-tumble fight between them for half an hour that you ever saw. Gouging, biting and kicking were not barred, and there were no intervals between the rounds. Both parties were badly used up, but the hired man was on top when the fight ended, and the thief did not recover consciousness until he arrived at the jail.

AS John Eager, of Delaware, O., was walking home at a late hour on the night of the 14th ult. he was followed by Wm. Cook and three other roughs who had made up their minds to give him a thrashing. When he detected their design Eager turned on them and drawing a revolver stamped the mob. Cook was wounded in the head, but his injury will not prove fatal.

IN a row in Galveston, Texas, George Henderson stabbed Dennis Crawley in the abdomen. Henderson was arrested but on the way to the lock-up was met by the wife and sister-in-law of Crawley. The women were armed with hatchets and made a furious assault on him. The policeman saved him by telling him to run to the jail for his life. He distanced the women, who threatened to batter in the jail door to get at their victim. It required a force of police to disarm and quiet them.

WILLIAM WARNER, the negro chief cook of the St. Nicholas Hotel, in Decatur, Ill., got off his base on the 14th ult. and went for James Clarkson, the bar-keeper, with a large butcher-knife. Clarkson downed him with a heavy decanter just in the nick of time to save his life.

AN EARTHQUAKE IN A BOARDING HOUSE.

Bunnell Lets Some Untrained Curiosities Loose on Brooklyn with Funny Results.

[Subject of Illustration.]

No one knows what are the troubles of a museum manager with his monstrosities and curiosities. A little event in a Brooklyn boarding house recently will give some idea of the woes and worriment that beset Bunnell and his managers in the attempt to give the city of churches a moral show. None of the regular attractions of the big New York establishment are allowed to go over to Brooklyn until they have been thoroughly tested as to their morals and orthodoxy. The Zulus, the bearded lady, the tattooed Greek and the phantom lady had the catechism by heart before they were trusted to the searching inquiries of the prying old crows who infest the boarding houses of that city and thence overflow to the museum matinees. Even the Greeks was trained to bear spiteful female pinches before he was shipped across the Brooklyn ferry, and was accustomed to the titillation of wetted fingers—a test always applied by the aforesaid ancient crows to any goods to test whether it will wash or not.

Lately, however, these religious rules have been somewhat relaxed and George Starr, the New York superintendent of Mr. Bunnell's affairs, ventured a fortnight ago to ship to business manager Bates in Brooklyn three untrained specimens just arrived—a living skeleton, a wild man from Borneo and a new and unknown giant who hailed from Russia on the bills but who was from Ireland in reality. These people were a trouble from the time of their arrival. The skeleton man had an appetite. He wanted to eat all the time, while the giant was not content to let any considerable interval separate his drinks.

They were pulled through the performance of the day and night and then Bates and Ryder, the treasurer, began to cast about for means to get them through Sunday. To leave them alone in the museum was impracticable for enough food and drink to keep them quiet could not be stored there at short notice. So Bates and Ryder tossed up to decide who should take the curiosities home with him. It fell to Ryder's lot and he started for his boarding-house with them in three carriages. The skeleton insisted on having three or four banquets on the way, while the giant and the giant man from Borneo contented themselves with liquid refreshments in such profusion that when they arrived at the hashery they were in an hilarious condition.

There are rumors of an earthquake in that quiet neighborhood during the Sabbath, occasioned by the breaking through of the floor and the smashing of the furniture in Ryder's caravansary.

The curiosities on entering the parlor had good-humoredly danced a lively measure with this result. In the attempt to get the giant to bed two bedsteads and half a dozen chairs were reduced to firewood and the boarding-house was made a general wreck.

Is it to be wondered at that Ryder applied at once for an increase of salary and that boarding-house keepers require guarantees from him that he will bring none of his acquaintances home with him nights? Those curiosities have been ironed and brought back to New York to be put through a course in the training school to be prepared for another appearance before the Brooklyn public.

A SHOCKING SCANDAL.

Another Characteristic Bonne Bouche from Brooklyn Social Circles.

For some time the Supreme Court in Brooklyn, L.I., was occupied in deciding a fight between Wm. Banta, Jr., a hatter in business in New York, and his mother-in-law and sister-in-law, for the possession of his children after the death of his wife. This ended in the custody being awarded to the father. On the 17th ult., the sister-in-law, Miss Elizabeth Magill, returned to the charge with another suit—for defamation of character. She alleges that Banta told several persons that she was a thief, and an immoral person unfit to have charge of the children. The defendant went on the stand, acknowledged that he had made such charges and pleaded justification. He said she had stolen a gold watch from a Mrs. Matlock, had stolen \$10 from the servant, and had entered his room while he was asleep and stolen a diamond stud from his shirt and pawned it. Further, he said, she had held improper relations with different persons, and had given birth to an illegitimate child.

Mrs. Margaret Downing, a Brooklyn monthly nurse, testified that Elizabeth had told her she was going to be confined, and that Banta, the defendant, was the father of the child.

Mrs. Downing's daughter, Mrs. Lott, testified that plaintiff called at her house and in the presence of witness' husband told her that she (Miss Magill) had taken Banta's diamond, had sold it for \$5, and had given \$20 to a fortune teller, who had agreed to separate Banta from a woman in New York to whom she suspected he was paying attention. Benjamin Van Zil, Banta's family physician, testified that once when Banta was ill, Miss Magill called him into the parlor and asked him to give the patient some poisonous drugs so that he might become seriously ill and she could nurse him. She promised the doctor that if he ran up a big bill in this way she would see to it that he was paid in full. He declined however, and then she asked him to post her on the action of various poisons. This alarmed him, and when he went home he wrote Banta a note of warning.

The plaintiff declared under oath that all these statements of the defendant's witnesses were false in every particular. The case is a very pretty one as it stands and is sure to furnish rare amusement for the gossip of Brooklyn as it is still further unfolded by the processes of the law.

MURDER LET LOOSE.

A Record of Villainous Deeds Inspired by Avarice, Jealousy or Malice.

THE wife of James Troy, of San Francisco, dreamed on May 1 that she saw her husband fighting with his brother John, and each man armed with a knife and stabbing the other. The brothers were firm friends and laughed at her dream. They enjoyed it so much that they went on a drunk for a week, and on the 8th ult., while both were under the influence of rum, they fought, drawing their jack-knives on each other during the encounter. James was killed.

SOME time since the people of Onondaga formed a Vigilance Committee with intent to hunt down and kill any person attempting to steal bodies from the graves in their cemetery. Early on the morning of the 18th ult. there was found in a field near the graveyard the body of a respectable appearing man with a



A SHOWER OF GOLD.

A GANG OF BANK BURGLARS CRUSHED BENEATH A FALLING FILE OF WELL-FILLED SPECIE BAGS, NEAR DENVER, COL.



ON THE FIELD OF HONOR.

TWO OLD COVES OF THE NEW YORK UNION CLUB QUARREL ABOUT A LADY, AND REPAIR TO VIRGINIA TO FIGHT A DUEL, WITH FUNNY RESULTS.



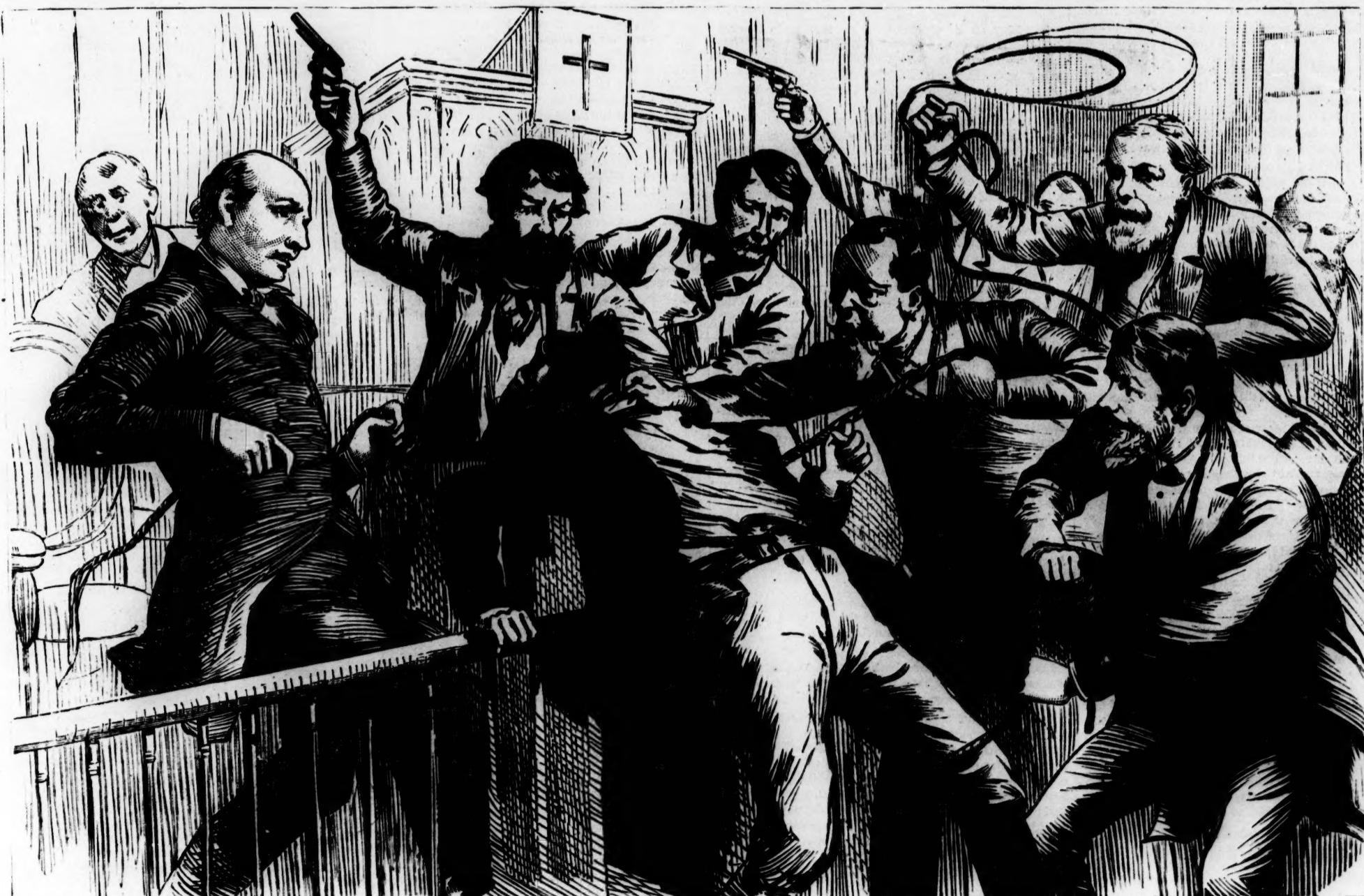
"THREE OF A KIND, AND ALL BAD!"

HOW THE IMMORAL CURIOSITIES OF A MORAL SHOW WENT ASTRAY WITHOUT BEING LED, AND RAISED A HURRICANE IN A BROOKLYN BOARDING HOUSE.



ROBBER STEEDS ON SNOW SHOES.

A BAND OF DESPERADOES IN THE YOSEMITE VALLEY SWOOP DOWN ON THEIR PREY OVER THE CRUSTED SNOW AND GET AWAY WITH THEIR PLUNDER IN SAFETY THROUGH THE INTELLIGENCE OF THEIR TRAINED HORSES.



LASSOED FROM THE PULPIT.

A DESPERADO ATTEMPTS TO CLEAN OUT A CHURCH IN BAXTER COUNTY, TEXAS, BUT FINDS THE PREACHER AND THE CONGREGATION READY FOR HIM.

AN AWFUL AFFAIR

Between Two-Foot-in-the-Grave Old Men of the Union Club.

They Quarrel About a Lady, Fight a Duel and Being "Too Fresh" are Salted.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The Union Club snobs are in a great flutter over the mysterious actions of two of their members, J. F. Loubat and Henry Turnbull. Mr. Loubat the other night, while lounging about the club room, chanced to remark the conduct of a certain society lady, calling things by their right names and giving her the toughest sort of a send off. Mr. Turnbull was in a chivalrous humor; so, waiting until Loubat had gone to California on a brief visit, he printed a pamphlet laying him out and declaring that he was a blackguard, an assailer of female virtue and a person altogether unfitted for the society of the cads of the club.

Now Mr. Loubat is considered a great person. First and most overwhelming of all he is worth three millions of dollars, having retired from business with that sum fifteen years ago. He is fifty years of age, and author of "The Mediæval History of the United States." On the title page of this work he is described as an L. L. D., "Member of the New York Historical Society, Knight Commander of St. Stanislaus of Russia, Knight of the first class (not to say a first class Knight) of the Crown of Frederick of Württemberg, and Knight of the Legion of Honor of France."

Now an individual of this character, and the bearer of so many weighty and meaningless titles (all the heavier that they meant nothing), could not brook an insult of the most trivial character, but when the offence took a pamphlet form, nothing could wash it out but blood. Our society editor gave us due notification of this prospective "scrap," and we had everything ready to receive them and their friends, supposing, of course, that such sticklers after honor would act in the manly way, of course—which means it at they would call at our office, leave a deposit and make a match for a meeting with hard gloves according to the Marquis of Queensbury Rules, or if the feelings ran very high, an encounter with the bare bones guided and restrained by the London Prize Ring Rules. But they did nothing of the sort. The two old fools took to chin music, called each other liars, wrote long letters of defiance and virtuperation and howled for gore in a way that would have been distressing if it hadn't been so funny.

Each party made haste to "put himself in the hands of his friends;" that is, each was guarded so that he might not meet the other, either in the club or on the street. On May 10 the two old gabbler had worked themselves up to the proper pitch of courage, rumor has it, interchanged challenges to mortal combat, and agreed to fight, but instead of engaging a hall and charging an admission fee to let the public see how true it is that "there's no fool like an old fool," and what a precious pair of ninny club life, plenty of money and the spirit of snobbish imitation of European vices can make of our Grandfather Whiteheads, they chose pistols and started for the dueling grounds of Virginia.

What was done is shrouded in mystery, the high-toned gang being "very awfully awful" about the great event. Bulletins were issued every half hour in the club giving the whereabouts of the two blood thirsty members, and then all was still until the news came that they were on their way home. They being plural, it was inferred that neither was killed, which is nothing singular in modern duels of this class. Both parties are very reticent on the subject of the battle, and neither will give a description of its events. A correspondent of ours located in Richmond, Va., however, tells the following story of the affair which we give for what it is worth:

The party arrived at the fighting ground, not far from Richmond, Va., on the 15th of May, and proceeded to the ground in what is aptly termed by muscians "a well sustained tremolo movement." Each of the blood-thirsty old lovers of female virtue had made his will, and each tearfully took his pistol in hand, the one thinking how it would be to shake off his weight of worldly titles and go to another world where he would have to be an untitled plebeian, while the other thought of how sad it was to leave his money bags after screwing and pinching and grinding so many years to accumulate them. What the young lady thought who was the subject of this encounter is left to conjecture, but since she undoubtedly didn't care a rap for either, it is to be presumed she was indulging in a sneaker.

The regular formalities were gone through by the seconds with a solemnity that chilled the marrow of the two too chivalrous old chaps. At the command "Fire! One, two, three!" the pistols went off together and the two principals howled simultaneously. When the smoke cleared away from the field of battle the Chevalier of Honor was found executing a lively dance and rubbing the seat of that honor with a vigor that was rather manual labor than the dainty exercise of aristocracy, while the other club man was doubled up and vowed that a bullet had passed through and through his half-digested breakfast.

The seconds had substituted rock salt for bullets, but it took the party five minutes to convince the two brave men that they were not mortally wounded. Their honor being satisfied they shook hands and returned to the metropolis. They did not come back bloody corpses, but bloody fools. It is said by the envious, however, that the *lame* is the normal state of the entire club, though we do not commit ourselves to the endorsement of this sweeping judgment. The Knight, although he has got "satisfaction" in the moral way, isn't so well satisfied physically. He will not sit down in peace for a month to come. And then, worse than all, neither party, for obvious reasons, can show his wounds to the lady who was the cause of the ridiculous meeting.

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OUTRAGES ON WOMEN.

The Dreadful Tramp and the Lecherous Negro Take a Hand.

LAST December Alexander Henson married Callie Echols, aged only 17, and took her to live at his house near Meridian, Miss. One day two weeks ago, returning home after a brief absence he could not find his wife and began a search for her. He was assisted by a negro named George Hughes, who suggested that she might be in the well. Her body was found there. She had been outraged and murdered, several wounds ap-

pearing on her body, and one of her ears had been bitten nearly off, the marks of human teeth being plainly visible. The negro Hughes was suspected, and it being found that the clothes he had worn in the morning had been hastily washed in the afternoon by his wife, a mob of 75 exasperated men took him out in the woods and hanged him.

A TRAMP delivered Miss Lavinia Forester, residing five miles from Laporte, Ind., a message to hasten into town to attend at the bedside of her dying sister. She ordered out her buggy, got in with the bearer of the message and drove off. On the way the stranger made a violent assault on and attempted to outrage her. In the fight her clothing was torn to shreds. Luckily the horse took fright during the struggle and ran away, the man losing his balance and falling out, while the young woman managed to hold her place in the vehicle. A man named George E. Williams was arrested on suspicion.

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A DARKEY AT A WAKE.
Mr. Johnsing Accepts an Irish Invitation and is Used as a Mop.

A well-known Irishman of Greenpoint, L. I., named Patrick Wayland, died on the 14th ult. He had been a customer of a dandy colored barber named Robin C. Johnson, who was called in to perform the final tunsorial offices for the dead Irishman, and was then invited to the wake. Mr. Johnson said he had never assisted at a festive mortuary occasion of that character, and therefore gladly accepted the invitation. He appeared in the evening gorgeously attired in clew-hammer coat, dress vest, broadcloth trowsers, patent leather boots and a high shiny hat.

The room was full of Irishmen who looked askant at the "nugur" at first but finally warmed up under the influences of the occasion, and helped fill him up with whiskey punch until he was inspired by the same spirit as themselves. Johnson is a famous whistler, and finally was prevailed on to take a seat at the head of the coffin and whistle some lively airs with variations. Among these was a waltz which set the entire company dancing. Then they induced him to sing; but the third song happened to be a plantation melody with a juba accompaniment. In this the whole party joined, doing the dance and all in the wildest sort of mirth; but when it was all over it suddenly dawned on some of the great intellects present that the proceedings were a little off color; in short, that it wasn't quite the thing for a "nugur" to be furnishing the festive melody for the wake of an Irishman.

Then they went for that bewildered darkey as one man, and without a word of warning pounded him, broke the whiskey jug over his head, slogged him, mopped the floor with him, danced on him, and finally fired him down two flights of stairs. Then the police took a hand in and dragged him off to the station house, cuffing him all the way. The next morning he was hauled up, all bloody and bedraggled, before a German Justice named Naehler, who, horrified by the charge that the darkey had been drunk and disorderly and had made a row over the body of a dead Irishman, sent him to jail for ten days. Mr. Johnson will probably be an authority on wades hereafter, but it will be a cold day when he accepts another Irish invitation.

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A SHOWER OF GOLD.
How Old Bill Hay Got His Game Leg and Why He is an Anti-Monopolist.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Bill Hay, an old frequenter of the saloons in Denver, Col., limps badly and in morals likewise is supposed to have acquired a decided halting gait from the enormous weight of youthful indiscretions his conscience is obliged to bear in his old age. Among other rumors of past villainies that cluster about his hoary head is one to the effect that he once was a member of a band that for a time rivalled that of Jesse James. But old Bill, his friends say, knew when he got enough and quit after the haul which was made in bank robbery in a country bank near Minneapolis, where there was a big stock of specie stored. If his story is to be believed it being his duty to haul down the packages of coin and silver bricks and pass them out of the vault to his pals, but he managed to topple over the whole pile of packages and boxes, burying himself so deep in gold that it occupied his pulse an hour in digging him out and cut down the sum they got away with by half what they had calculated, owing to the fact that he was insensible and maimed and as they had to carry him they were deprived of just his weight in gold beside what he might have carried himself had he been in good condition.

Ever since he has been a cripple and has never gotten over the feeling that he has been crushed by wealth. Hence his pronounced anti-monopoly sentiments.

There are those who are willing to set up the drinks to hear Bill Hay tell this story and all affect to believe it although there are whispers that Bill would hold a first place in a tournament to decide who is the champion liar of Colorado.

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A BUNCH OF HORRORS.
A Five Days' Record of Bloody Crimes and Outrages.

On the 14th ult. John Brizalapo, of Baltimore, Md., who killed his wife and attempted to commit suicide, jumped from a window on the fifth floor of the jail and killed himself.

ED. STEWART a colored barber of Indianapolis, Ind., was arrested on the 14th ult., charged with having committed an outrage on a little girl aged five years.

On the 12th ult. a young man named McCoy, residing with his widowed mother and little brother near Pittsburgh, Kansas, on returning home late at night from the circus found the windows on the lower floor of the house smashed in and blood spattered around. Entering the premises he found everything in wreck and disorder as if there had been a terrible struggle but his mother and brother had disappeared. It is thought they were murdered and the bodies buried by the murderer.

On the night of the 12th ult., at Uralde, Texas, Tom Weymiller got into a row with a party of Germans and was stabbed, the wound not proving dangerous, however. He went to the room of a friend whom he awoke and the two started out to find a doctor. Weymiller declaring he would shoot the first Dutchman he met. At the Uralde Hotel they met an inoffensive German named Christian Shroeder. Weymiller peered into his face and satisfied himself of his nationality and then stepping back a few paces drew his revolver and shot him dead. The murderer is out on bail.

RELIGIOUS NEWS.

The Laymen Come Out Boldly in Scandalous Rivalry With Their Shepherds.

A DEVOUT member of the church named D. E. Ardis, of Louisville, Ky., concluded a couple of weeks ago that he would like to precipitate his manufacture into an angel. He accordingly decided to commit suicide. The deed was preceded by a solitary religious service on his part. He sang a hymn, read a passage of Scripture, and made a few remarks in extenuation of what he was about to do. This programme, all written out, was found on his corpse when his body was found, as well as a copy of the farewell speech he had made to an imaginary audience.

LUDOVIC HALÉVY, the French author, wrote his last book, "Abbe Constantin," in a vein of moral fancy quite foreign to his usual style and sent a copy of it to his niece in an Alexandria convent. The Lady Superior read and passed it as a most charming story and all the young nuns were entranced by it. Then the Lady Superior sent for all the works of Halévy and the inmates were soon warmed up by "Barbe Blue," "Le Bel Helene" and other red-hot stuff of that description. Now that convent is in a turmoil and a general renunciation of vows and embracing of matrimony is threatened.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., comes to the front again with a cheerful clerical scandal. The Rev. Dr. G. A. Lofton, pastor of the Third Baptist Church of that city, left the city for a brief vacation on the evening of May 13. After the railroad train which he had taken had gone a few miles a lady beside whom he was sitting gave a yell and sprang to her feet. She explained excitedly that the parson had put his arm around her in a highly improper and shocking manner. Three or four of the male passengers then fell upon the frisky parson and gave him a severe drubbing. In the course of the struggle a full bottle of whisky fell from his pocket. He then made his way back home where he arrived all broken up. The passengers allege that he was drunk, but the clergyman explains that the bottle contained rye and rock and glycerine, which had been prescribed for him by a physician. He says further that the lady is mistaken and that he did not touch her.

VIENNA, Austria, is in a ferment over the sensational story of the inhuman treatment of a nun in a convent at Cracow. She belonged to a good Silesian family and gave all her property to the convent eighteen years ago. A faithful old servant followed her into the seclusion of the institution and it is said saved her life. Her brother made several attempts lately to see her but could not obtain an interview until he had called the police to his aid. She appeared before him supported by two nuns and in a terribly emaciated condition. Her story is that having refused to accept a young confessor introduced into the convent some years ago she was confined alone in a cell and the sisters were forbidden to approach her. She had worn the same gown for eighteen years and had had no change of underclothes, shoes or stockings for seven years. Her cell had not been cleaned for a year and she was never allowed to leave it. The heap of straw on which she slept was rotten and full of vermin. The sisters denied her story but she protested its truth and implored her brother to rescue her. He could only provide her with food and clothes and she will have to remain where she is until the case is decided in a court of justice.

THE divorce suit of Louise W. Cumming, whose first husband was Major Charles O. Rogers, proprietor of the Boston *Journal*, against her second spouse, the Rev. Mr. Cumming, came to trial on the 17th ult. The lady was palavered by the parson who courted her in the religious key during her period of mourning and married her 388 days after the Major died. Cumming was the sanctimonious tutor of the lady's four children during her husband's life. Major Rogers left \$400,000 to his wife and this, it is alleged, Cumming proceeded to squander after inducing his bride to settle a considerable sum on him. Ben Butler is the parson's lawyer. The testimony introduced on the first day of the trial was to the effect that from October 6 to 18, 1881, Cumming lived at the New Marlboro House in Boston with a woman called "Stella, the Angel" under the aliases of Mr. and Mrs. Johnson; that he visited houses of ill fame, took women to champagne suppers in the private rooms of restaurants and got drunk frequently. The case as it progresses promises to drag several skeletons from closets in the aristocratic quarters of Boston.

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A PAYING PIETY DODGE.

How a Religious Family of Beggars Accumulated a Fortune in Church Alms.

For several weeks past two women—a mysterious pair—have been noticed in Philadelphia, Pa., making a number of incongruous purchases in the shops. One is tall, thin, angular and 38; the other is small, robust and a servant girl in appearance. They have visited restaurants day after day, ordering \$10 dinners, drive out to the park, visit fashionable stores, purchasing elegant articles at random and gone to the theatres every night. The couple, very poorly dressed, entered a store in Chestnut street, a few weeks since, and inquired the price of a blue rep set of furniture in the window. The young clerk chuckled in anticipation of their expected astonishment when he told them \$650. It was he who was dumbfounded, though, for the angular woman said she would take it, and when it was found that the suit had been already sold she ordered one made exactly like it. She gave her name as Margaret Bethel, and he called at her residence. She lived in a room over the small notions store of Mrs. A. Clegg, No. 1918 South street—an uncarpeted and very mean apartment. She insisted on having the furniture made, however, and paid for it. She then purchased silk and velvet hangings and other articles of magnificence, paying with a recklessness that excited wonder and occasioned inquiry.

It appears that for upwards of twelve years an old woman named Margaret Bethel was a pensioner on the charity of St. Mark's Episcopal Church. She lived in this little room in apparently the most abject poverty, with an old man who she said was her invalid cousin. Her attendance at church was regular, and the wealthy members of the church gave her liberal contributions of money and clothing. At the time she died, last February, she appeared to be in the most abject poverty. When Mrs. Clegg was preparing her for burial, however, she found in the room bank books containing records of thousands of dollars on deposit, and these were taken in charge by her daughter, who proceeded to enjoy the money.

For twenty years this old woman and the man, who

was her husband, and her daughter practiced in different fields a system of religious deception that enabled them to amass the fortune which the young woman is now beginning to enjoy. They converted everything given to them into money which they deposited in the bank. Each had a different religious lay, the father, who died a year ago, pretending he was a Catholic, the mother an Episcopalian and the daughter a Methodist. While the old woman was begging alms, it now turns out, she built in Woodlands Cemetery a marble vault costing \$500. All the christians of Philadelphia have been played for suckers by this precious religious family, whose heiress has given away the racket by coming out so suddenly in grandeur.

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MIXED FACTS AND FANCIES.

Odds and Ends of News, Gossip and Scandal From All Sources.

THE trial of Robert Ford, the slayer of Jesse James, for the murder of Wood Hite, was begun at Elkhorn, Mo., on May 11.

FIVE years ago Col. James A. Alexander, the Gallatin, Tenn., banker rented his farm near that place, to a fine-looking farmer named F. J. Howard. The latter was away from home most of the time, leaving the farm to the care of an old negro and his wife. A month ago all three disappeared, leaving a letter signed by Howard to Alexander, declaring himself Frank James, and telling the landlord to examine a certain cave on the farm. There were found in this place a collection of stolen jewelry worth over \$5,000, comprising twenty-nine gold and twelve silver watches, nine solitaire studs, two diamond necklaces and four diamond rings.

WHILE the afternoon services were in progress in the Episcopal church of the Annunciation in 14th st., New York, on the 13th ult., a strange man about 30 years old arose from a pew, walked into the vestibule and drawing a revolver fired a bullet through his head. His corpse was found by the congregation when they came out.

AN infidel bachelor named Thomas Kongmacher who lived near Yardleyville, Pa., died two years since, and his will was not found until months after. It is a curious document. It begins "Isolation, damnation, co-operation, salvation, know all men by these presents," etc., goes on to make several bequests in the usual form and then provides that, "My body shall be borne to the grave in a carriage drawn by my young stallions Fred and Charlie, who brought about my premature death by not being thoroughly broken." Then he desires that M. S. Buckman shall drive the horses and he shall be laid in the grave beside his "colored brother" George Chambers. His body is to be put in a plain coffin, and dressed in striped blue shirt, linen trowsers, and "the old stallion Jesus shall go as chief mourner, ridden by my friend William Marsellus, carrying the mysterious banner representing the four races in the faces of Henry W. Longfellow, of Boston, E. G. Brown, of Richmond, Spotted Dog, of the Cheyenne tribe, and Loo Choo, of California, and that they each be paid \$10 for said service."

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WOMEN'S DEVILTRIES.

Where the Weaker Sex Comes Out Strong in Comparison With the Stronger.

A BEAUTIFUL young woman of wealthy parents, Miss Sallie Leob, aged 18, daughter of a wealthy merchant of Cincinnati, has gone to the bad in that city and the best efforts of her friends and relatives have failed to reclaim her. Only six weeks ago Sallie left the magnificent residence of her parents and made her abode a house of ill-fame. After a week's absence the police found her and took her home. Two days after she disappeared again and was sought in vain until May 14, when the detectives found her in a low brothel in Cincinnati. She was arrested this time. When asked why she had run away from home she replied: "Because my sisters did not treat me right. They drove me to it. When I was fifteen years old I was seduced by a young man living in our neighborhood. During my confinement I was at the city hospital. My father would not have anything to do with my child and the poor thing died in the infirmary. When I returned home I remained only a few days, for my sisters were constantly throwing up to me what I had done, and I could stand their taunts no longer, so I left." She was finally induced to go home with her father, who appeared heartbroken. The girl went very reluctantly, and seemed to have a dread of her sisters.

C. A. COOL, of Pittsburg, Pa., was suddenly abandoned by his wife on May 11. He was a little deaf in consequence of an accident that befell him a short time since, and the neighbors say his young wife took advantage of this to flirt and lay her plans of elopement even in his presence. Her going fell on him like a thunderbolt from a clear sky, for she had up to the last moment professed the most intense affection for him. Since she has gone he has learned that she was married before, and that her husband is not dead. She eloped in the first instance as she did in the second.

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A FIGHTING FACULTY.

Three College Professors Discipline Frisky Students With Revolvers.

THE PRIZE RING.

A Lively But Brief Mill Down by the Sea.

The Norton-Frawley Match at Coney Island in the Presence of a Great Crowd of Sports.

On May 16, the long pending battle between Charley Norton, the noted English light-weight pugilist, and Jim Frawley, the Irish-American pugilist, who both reside in the Empire State, was brought to a satisfactory issue in a noted hostelry on Coney Island.

The match came about in this wise. In the latter part of March Jim Frawley, of Hunter's Point, L. I., who rejoiced in being dubbed the "undefeated plasterer's champion," called at the POLICE GAZETTE office, posted \$100 in Uncle Sam's treasury notes and left the following challenge:

HUNTER'S POINT, BROOKLYN, N. Y., Mar. 23, '82.

RICHARD K. FOX, ESQ.:
SIR: I am anxious to again enter the prize ring and test the mettle of some of the many middle-weight pugilists who constantly have their names in print. I am not looking for notoriety for I have fought several times within the squared circle and made reputation enough. I wish you to state in your great sporting paper that I am prepared to fight either Charley Norton, of England, or Ed. McGlinchey, of Bridgeport, Conn., a fair stand-up fight according to the new rules of the London prize ring, with hard gloves, for the sum of \$500 a side. The fight to take place at any time and place that will suit either Norton or McGlinchey. To prove I mean business I deposit the sum of \$100 with the POLICE GAZETTE and I shall be satisfied that you, Richard K. Fox shall hold the stakes. Should neither of the above pugilists have courage enough to accept this challenge I will fight any man in America with hard gloves at 138 or 140 lbs. for \$500 a side. I will pay no attention to challenges that may come from pugilists lacking a reputation. I do not want any paper controversy and the first come first served. I shall be ready to meet any first-class pugilist at the POLICE GAZETTE office at any time to arrange a match.

JIM FRAWLEY.

Charles Norton accepted the challenge and it was decided that the pugilists should meet at the POLICE GAZETTE office on March 30. Frawley did not appear and John Styles, of 39 Bowery, left \$100 on behalf of Norton, and agreed to meet Frawley and his backer at the POLICE GAZETTE office on April 4. On the day named for the pugilists to meet, a great crowd filled the sporting rooms of the POLICE GAZETTE to witness the pugilists arrange a match.

Norton was accompanied by Tom McAlpine, and among the later arrivals were Jimmy Patterson, Billy Madden, Johnny Saunders, Thomas Sweeney, George Holden, Frank White, Bob Smith and Frank Stevenson. Frawley was accompanied by William Hussey, of Hunter's Point. Norton opened the ball by informing Frawley that he was surprised that he (Frawley) had challenged him to fight at 138 lbs., knowing that his fighting weight was 133 lbs. Frawley said he had not stipulated any weight.

"Well," said McAlpine, "Norton shall be at catch-weight if you will confine yourself to 140 lbs."

"No," said Frawley, "I will let Norton fight at any weight but I will not train myself down."

A long discussion followed. Norton finally said: "I will fight you in a month from to-day at catch-weights."

The pugilists signed the following:

Articles of Agreement

Made this fourth day of April, 1882, between James Frawley, of Hunter's Point, Long Island, and Charles Norton, of New York. The said James Frawley and said Charles Norton do hereby agree to fight a fair stand-up fight at catch-weights according to the new rules of the London prize ring, with hard gloves, for the sum of five hundred dollars (\$500) a side, within one hundred miles of New York, said fight to take place on Tuesday, May 16, 1882. The man winning the toss to give the opposite party 10 days' notice of the time and place of fighting. The men to be in the ring between the hours of 8 and 10 P. M., the man absent to forfeit the battle money. The expenses of the ropes and stakes to be borne mutually share and share alike. The gate or excursion money to be divided as follows: two-thirds to the winner and one-third to the loser.

In pursuance of this agreement the sum of one hundred dollars is now deposited with William E. Hardinge, sporting editor of the POLICE GAZETTE, who shall be final stakeholder.

The remaining deposits shall be posted as follows: second deposit of two hundred dollars (\$200) a side shall be posted at Wm. H. Borst's Alhambra, in 27th street between the hours of 8 and 9 P. M., Saturday, April 22, 1882.

The third and final deposit of two hundred dollars a side shall be posted at the POLICE GAZETTE office on Saturday, May 6, 1882, between the hours of 3 and 4 P. M. The said deposits must be put up not later than the hours aforesaid and either party failing to make good the amount due at the time and place named shall forfeit the money down. In case of magisterial interference the referee if appointed, or the stakeholder if not, shall name the next time and place of meeting, if possible on the same day or in the same week. Either party failing to appear at the time and place specified by that official to lose the battle money.

The stakes not to be given up unless by mutual consent or fairly won or lost by a fight and due notice shall be given both parties of the time and place named. In pursuance of this agreement we hereby attach our names:

CHARLEY NORTON,
JIM FRAWLEY.

Witness:
WILLIAM HUSSEY,
TOM MCALPINE.

After the match was ratified the pugilists went into training, Norton at a sequestered spot in New Jersey under the mentorship of Tom McAlpine, better known as Soap McAlpine, and Bennie Greene, the noted pugilist of Providence, R. I., who is matched to fight Jim Murray next month for \$600.

Frawley secured the services of Mike Noonan, of Brooklyn, the once noted light-weight pugilist, and under his tutelage he was put into first-class fighting trim.

On May 6 both pugilists appeared at the POLICE GAZETTE office and posted the final deposit of \$200 a side. Frank Stevenson posted the ducats for Norton, while Wm. Hussey, the popular sporting man of Long Island City, found the needful for Frawley. A great

crowd of sporting men was present to witness the posting of the stakes. After all the money was put up the pugilists tossed for choice of ground.

A suitable place was in the meantime selected for the battle and it was privately announced to all the knowing ones who called at the POLICE GAZETTE office that the tip would be given of the *local* at Borst & Mallahan's Alhambra, the leading sporting theatre of the metropolis, and at Wash La Brie and Wm. F. McCoy's noted hostelry, 91 South street.

On the eve of the battle both pugilists were quietly secreted near the trysting place and the arrangements for the battle were made in a business-like way. On the morning of May 16 delegations of sporting men in squads of three or four could be seen wending their way to 91 South street, which point was the starting place. The sporting editor of the POLICE GAZETTE, accompanied by Mr. James Elliott of the *Herold*, Wm. F. McCoy and Richard K. Fox, the proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, Mark Maguire and a host of others, crossed the ferry. The party stopped at Ben La Rose's saloon at the East river bridge anchorage and Wash La Brie, the champion boniface of 91 South st., Wm. F. McCoy's partner, soon arrived with carriages. At 1:30 the procession started pell-mell through the city of churches until they arrived at Jim Glass', where the gang made its first stop. At this noted roadside the party was joined by the festive Matt Grace, of 270 Bowery, who was driving a trotter which he owns and which he claims can go in 2:40.

While they were waiting at the Hotel de Grass Jim Gedding, Barney Aaron and W. H. Borst of the Alhambra drove along the road en route to the field of battle. After man and beast had been provided for again the party set out for the trysting place, and did not stop until Brown was reached, when McCoy and La Brie again made the corks fly. Brown furnished a sumptuous lunch and Dr. L. C. Thomas, ex-Pres. of the Nautius Boat Club and Gen. Rabb did it justice.

Hiram Howe's Prospect Park Club House was the next stopping place. Here we met a host of noted sporting men. All hands again worshiped the shrine of Bacchus. Arthur Hancock, England's champion walker, here joined the crowd with a number of other celebrities. Hannivan, the proprietor of the Foxhall, and Gov. Barne joined in at this point in the pugilistic pilgrim's progress. From here the Jehus made quick time to Coney Island, drawing reins at Quigley's Hotel. A few minutes later the crowd wended their way through the sand to the battle ground.

About 500 of the choicest sports were present, among them lawyers, doctors, merchants, sporting men of all grades and shades who were eager to see the mill. Frawley had arrived and was ready for the fray. Norton soon after came on the spot prepared for work.

We were admitted into a large hall where a ring had been formed. The tickets sold like hot cakes at \$5 each, and it was all Jimmy Elliott and Billy Borst could do to keep the crowd back. One of the parties who tried to gain admission was the Chief of Police of Gravesend, L. I. He was finally admitted and said he would telegraph to have the affair stopped. James Wakefield, better known as Brooklyn Jimmy, said there was only going to be a sparring exhibition, and invited him to stop and see it. The gloves were exhibited and he left, much to the delight of the sports.

At 4:30 P. M. about 200 persons filled the hall. Frawley was the first to enter the ring, and at 4:45 P. M. he shed his hat into mid-air and was loudly cheered. Two minutes later Norton threw his hat over the ropes and entered the ring. He also received thunders of applause.

Tom McAlpine, Norton's trainer, and Wm. Hussey, for Frawley, tossed for choice of corners. Norton's representative won and selected the north-west corner. The pugilists then selected George Cooke for referee. The middle-weight champion at first objected, but finally agreed to fill the unthankful position.

Norton was dressed in white drawers and hose and sported blue garters. His colors were red, white and blue. Frawley was attired in similar fighting togs with the exception that his garters were green and his colors were green.

Norton's seconds were Jimmy Elliott and Barney Aaron; Frawley's, Jim Hussey and Mike Noonan, both pugilists who have gained fame in the prize ring. Norton's umpire was Tom McAlpine, while Prof. John Long acted in that capacity for Frawley.

Before the fight began Frawley struck a defiant attitude. He said he had never been defeated and he would beat Norton very quickly. His feet were encased in an old pair of fighting shoes he had worn years ago in England. Norton appeared to be in first-class trim, which gave great credit to the veteran pugilist and trainer, Tom McAlpine. Frawley appeared to be in capital fix but lacked youthful vigor.

Norton stands 5 ft. 6 1/2 in., is 30 years of age and weighed 138 lbs.

Frawley is 40 years of age, stands 5 ft. 4 in. and weighed 144 lbs. Norton was the taller but Frawley was thicker set and seemed the sturdier. The former had a powerful arm but Frawley's development of muscle was by far the more marked and it was well calculated to give an exaggerated notion of his capacity.

All being ready for the mill the seconds advanced, exchanged the usual formalities and the referee after Tom McAlpine had tied Norton's colors to the stakes called time.

ROUND 1.—Prompt to the word both pugilists advanced, Frawley defiant and determined looking, Norton smiling and confident. The attitudes of the men were very fine, Norton with his right arm across his breast and his left hand lower down, with his elbow close to his side, his body stooped a trifle. Frawley placed himself in a very showy position with his muscular right arm across his breast and his left moving loosely back and forth ready to let fly at once. Very little time was wasted in sparring, when Frawley led with his left and was short, quickly followed by Norton who just reached Frawley's forehead. Again Norton tried his left and landed on his opponent's forehead, in return for which he received a spent blow on the side of the face. They sparred for a few moments, when Frawley let go his left at the stomach and Norton jumped away out of reach. Frawley followed him up and tried again at the bread basket but Norton's activity once more got him out of Frawley's reach. Frawley made a third attempt but was again unsuccessful, Norton jumping back as before until he was really up against the ropes in Frawley's corner. Here he clinched and had a short wrestle but soon went to work left and right, Norton driving Frawley before him and getting the latter's head completely in his power. Norton rattled right-handers into his face. Frawley dropped down while he was receiving the blows, the last one landing on the left side of his head when his seat touched the ground. Cries of "Foul! Foul!" came from the friends of Frawley, while "Fair! Fair!" were shouted by the partisans of Norton.

A foul blow had been struck but it was accidental, as

the blow was on its way before Frawley's knees touched the ground. Under these circumstances the referee in a fair and impartial manner without any delay and while the excitement was at its height shouted, "Fight on!" and he repeated the order several times till the disturbance was quelled. The men had been taken to the corners in the meantime and had been cared for by their seconds. First blood was claimed for Norton and allowed.

ROUND 2.—Norton was first to the mark. Looking confident while Frawley came up thus early in difficulty. He was bleeding from an ugly gash over the left eye while his mouth was also shedding the ruby. Norton lost no time but let drive his left which landed with terrific force on Frawley's frontispiece, damaging it sadly. Frawley in return landed on Norton's head, but the blow seemed to have no force and indeed all that he delivered were ineffective, unlike the punishing blows of Norton. A few passes and the men were at half arm work. They soon broke away however, and several counter hits were exchanged, Norton being particularly heavy and leaving their mark, while Frawley seemed muscle bound and had no power in his deliveries. Breaking away to long range Norton planted his right hand heavily on Frawley's left cheek which cut it to the bone and the blood came with a rush. They got together again and fought at half arm's length, when Norton planted a terrible right-hander on Frawley's left jaw which brought him down on his face. When lifted up and carried to his second's knee he seemed badly used up, his face covered with blood and it was evident that he had no chance with his scientific opponent who as yet had not a mark on him.

THIRD AND LAST ROUND.—Norton walked quickly to the scratch and opened the ball by sending his left in front of Frawley's face, when a close followed in which Norton astonished his friends by the rapid and terrific manner in which he punished his opponent. A short tussle took place in Frawley's corner, when Norton terminated the round by giving Frawley a cross-buttock, which brought him heavily on the floor with Norton on top of him. When taken to his corner it was seen that the game was up with Frawley, and the sponge was thrown up in token of defeat.

The fight lasted but four minutes, one and a half minutes of which was consumed between rounds, so that the real fighting time was only two minutes and a half.

Norton in the above fight proved himself to be an extraordinary light-weight fighter, and it will take a very scientific and quick young man of his weight to stop him. He is not only rapid in his delivery, but his blows are very effective and punish terribly.

After the fight all the parties left at once except Frawley, who remained to nurse his wounds and was captured by a squad of mounted police who came up and surrounded the house after the fight was over. The officers procured a carriage for him and took him back to Brooklyn, where he was lodged in the Washington street police station.

Frawley was arraigned the next morning before Justice Walsh, who was advised by the District Attorney that he had no jurisdiction in the case, and the pugilist was accordingly discharged.

After the battle Wm. Hussey said that he should enter legal proceedings to recover the stakes. He insisted that Frawley won the fight by a foul. The stakeholder said that Norton won the battle, and that the referee having decided it in Norton's favor he should give him the stakes.

At the time that Frawley claimed the foul he should have insisted on his claim, but when he came up to fight for the second round he waived all his rights on this point.

The stakes were paid to Norton at the POLICE GAZETTE office. Everything connected with the match was conducted in a straightforward way, and the winner promptly received the money he had fairly won.

In reference to the prize fight between Bryan Campbell and Tom Walling, the Colorado pugilists who were to have fought at catch-weights for \$1,000 now held by Richard K. Fox, the final stakeholder, we have received the following from a noted sporting man who was a disinterested spectator:

O. K. SALOON, COAL CREEK, CO., May 15, 1882.
To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:

SIR: On May 5 I was at the place selected for the Tom Walling and Bryan Campbell prize fight, having read all about the arranging of the match in the POLICE GAZETTE, and feeling confident that as Richard K. Fox had been chosen stakeholder there would be a fight. Over 1,500 persons were present. Both pugilists were on the ground and appeared to be in good condition. Campbell selected Harry Morgan, of Pueblo, for umpire and Walling selected Robert Cook to act in that capacity in his behalf. The umpires selected Sheriff Bill Schoolfield, a responsible sporting man who suited both, as referee, but he refused to fill the unthankful position.

Robert McGregor was then named, and Walling agreed that he should fill the place, but Campbell refused to allow him to act. Every one in this section is well aware that McGregor is a straightforward man, but Campbell, who evidently did not want to fight, would not have him. Everything was favorable for a fight if Bryan Campbell intended business, but he showed the white feather.

Among the notabilities at the fizzle were Lem Kyger, Bill Barrett of Rosita, Dave McGrath of South Pueblo, Marshal Jameson, Deputy Sheriff Dan Kelly, Jack Henderson of Williamsburg and J. W. Welch of the O. K. Saloon at Coal Creek.

I have not the least doubt that if Bryan Campbell intended to fight he could have selected a referee. Campbell even had the deputy sheriff of Fremont County come to the place selected for the mill to stop the fight. He was on hand, but through the influence of outside parties, who had journeyed hundreds of miles to see the best man win, he was induced to return to Canon City and did not make any arrests.

I hope that the POLICE GAZETTE will make the pugilists fight and not give up the money until it has been fairly won and lost. If Richard K. Fox follows this programme he will have the best wishes of all the leading sporting men of Colorado who endorse the POLICE GAZETTE. Yours,

FAIR PLAY.

In regard to the matter we still hold the \$1,000 stakes, and Richard K. Fox desires both pugilists to agree upon another time and place of fighting, when he will select a responsible Colorado sporting man to act as referee, providing the pugilists cannot mutually agree upon one. He will not give up the stakes until they have been fought for and won. Walling has notified us that he is ready and willing to fight and is satisfied that the POLICE GAZETTE shall name the next time and place of fighting and select a referee. We have received no communication from Bryan Campbell or his backers.

CORRESPONDENCE.

FARO EXPOSED.

The nefarious devices and dishonest tricks of the skin gambler described and explained. A complete exposure of the great American game, with a history of its origin and improvement, the mechanical devices used for cheating and the systems by which they can be defeated. With 20 illustrations. By mail, 30c.

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher,

183 William street, New York.

SUBSCRIBER, Danville, Ill.—Indianapolis in our opinion.

P. C. W., Fort Wayne, Ind.—We have not Swindell's address.

S. G., Indianapolis, Ind.—We have no space for such long reports.

J. M., Homestead, Pa.—Send records and portraits and we will use them.

S. H., Petroleum Centre, Pa.—John Morrissey died at Saratoga, N. Y. 2. No.

S. W., Holyoke, Mass.—Daniel O'Leary was at Little Rock, Ark., at last advices.

W. S., Bordentown, N. J.—We still hold the stakes in the Walling and Campbell prize fight.

SUBSCRIBER, Tarrytown, N. J.—Peter Lawrence's score is a remarkable one if correct.

S. G., Albany, N. Y.—The height Sam Patch jumped at Niagara Falls is computed to be 87 feet.

J. G. R., Brooklyn, N. Y.—You win, Paddy Ryan never fought Jimmy Elliott in or out of the ring.

J. S. C., Perth Amboy.—It is optional with the fire marshal or the party in command of the parade.

M. W., Boston, Mass.—Sam Patch lost his life jumping from the Genesee Falls, Rochester, N. Y., Nov. 13, 1879.

M. H., Harrisburg, Pa.—

Sneezed His Nose Off.

A young man named Oscar Angus experienced a most remarkable accident in a barber shop in Cincinnati last week. While he was reclining luxuriously in the easy chair submitting to the tender manipulation of the tonsorial artist, he was



HE SNEEZED HIS NOSE OFF.

AUGUSTUS D. LEIGHTON,

HANGED AT THE NEW YORK TOMBS, MAY 19TH, FOR THE MURDER OF HIS MISTRESS, MARY L. DEAN.

seized with a sudden titillation in the nostrils and sneezed violently. At this moment the barber was making an upward stroke with the razor to scoop out the lather and hairs from the hollow just below the under lip. The jar of the sneeze sent the barber's hand upward with an extra flourish and the keen razor sliced off the tip of the young man's nose. The young fellow yelled, the barber, a German journeyman, dropped his razor and fled from the shop, the crowd rushed in and the noseless victim was carried to a drug store cursing the artist who had given him the closest shave he ever had in his life.

He will live but his nose, originally a fine Roman, will appear hereafter of composite style with the broad geometric suggestion of a truncated cone prevailing.

An American Eviction.

An East Brookfield, Mass., landlord removed the doors from the house occupied by an invalid woman aged 80 because she had not paid her month's rent. She hung blankets before the doors and he sent men to pull them down. Under this treatment she died and her imbecile daughter, aged 60, was ejected from the premises with the corpse.

A mob of women on the 26th ult., armed with axes, broke open the new doors the landlord had put in and triumphantly escorted the daughter back. Then they mounted guard and the brave landlord began to squeal for the police.

A Fraud Squashed.

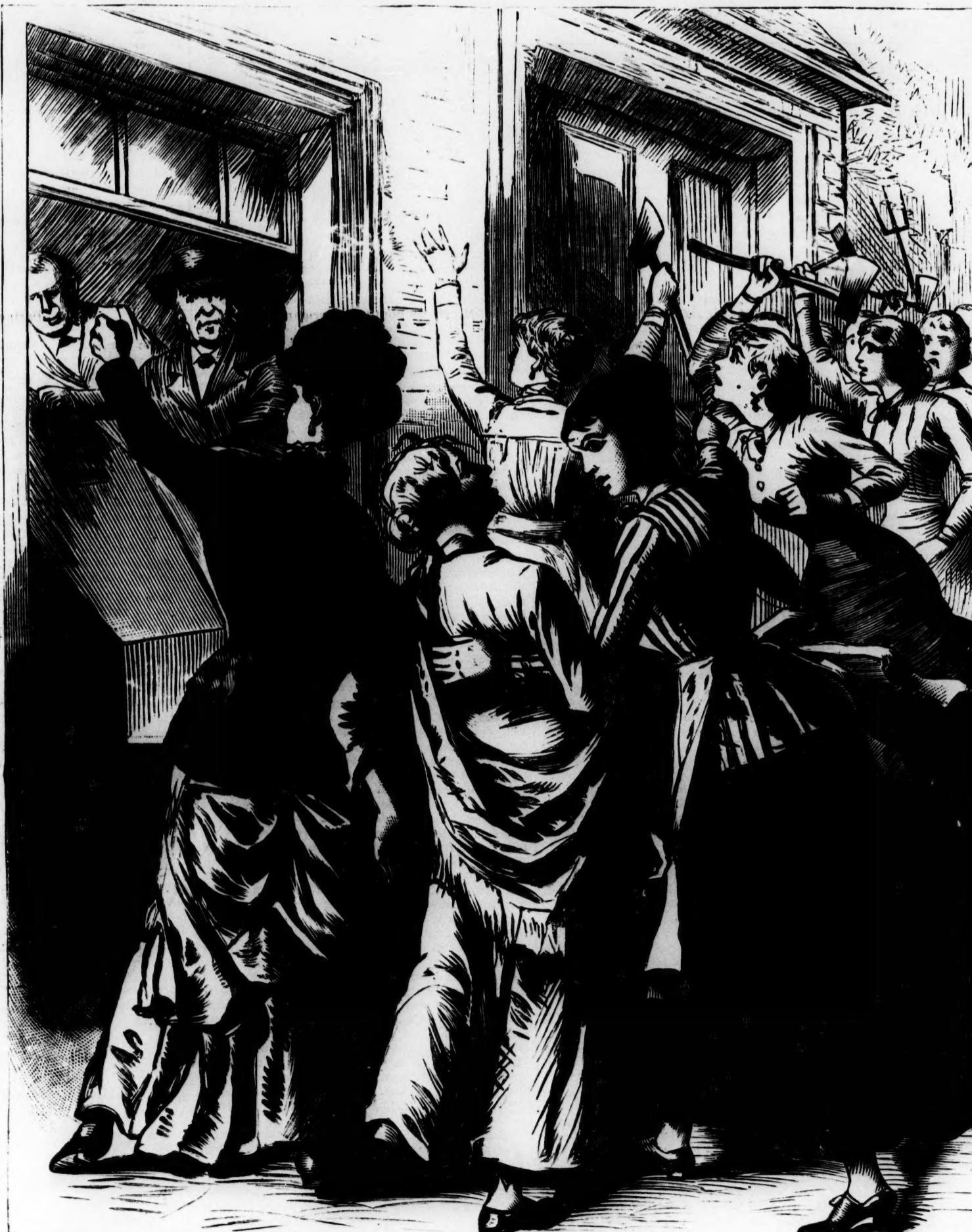
We present in this issue of the POLICE GAZETTE the portrait of a person whom the public is cautioned to keep an eye on in the future. This is one Peter Morahan, of Denver, Col., who has been blackmailing and terrorizing the very verdant citizens of Denver by pretending that he was a correspondent of the POLICE GAZETTE and had the

authority to publish their portraits in our pages. No one ever thought of writing to us to learn the truth about this Morahan and his victims, thus enabling him to carry on his game in safety. He occasionally sold us portraits of criminals whose cases had been already subjects of comment in the daily press, but he never had a line published in this paper and was never authorized to act as its correspondent. He came to grief at



A SHOCKING CASE OF INVOLUNTARY AMPUTATION IN A BARBER'S SHOP AT CINCINNATI, O.

OF DENVER, COL., CANED FOR PRETENDING TO BE A CORRESPONDENT OF THE "POLICE GAZETTE."



AN AMERICAN EVICTION.

A LANDLORD IN BROOKFIELD, MASS., ATTEMPTS TO DISPOSSESS A TENANT AND THE CORPSE OF HER MOTHER AND IS CLEANSED OUT BY A MOB OF FURIOUS YANKEE GIRLS.

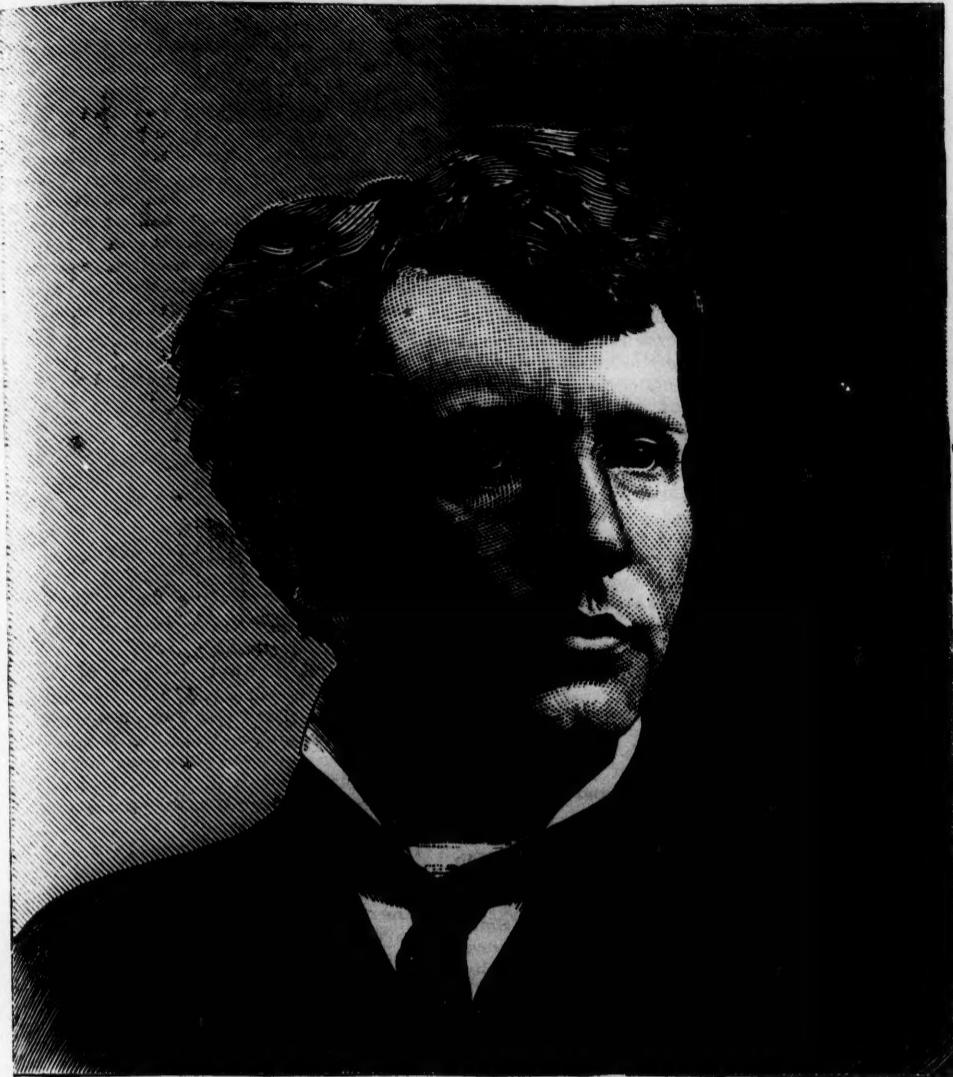
last, we understand, on May 10 through the action of friends of a widow lady on whom he sought to thrust his obscene attentions. As usual he threatened to publish her picture with scandalous remarks in this paper unless she acceded to his demands.

It is said he has been in the habit of levying tribute from citizens for the service of keeping their pictures and stories of their escapades out of the GAZETTE.

The fools who have paid their money to this shallow fraud have a cheerful consolation in the reflection that not one line of news would be taken on his authority and no scraps of his writing could by any means have been passed into the columns of this paper. It is to be hoped that this lecherous old wretch, who is aged 61, and yet haunts the dens of prostitution and preys on vice and respectability alike, may get all he deserves at the hands of the law and the boot toes of his indignant victims in Denver.

A Cheeky Jail Bird.

Wm. Farley, a young convict aged 22, is in prison at Jeffersonville, Ind., with a balance of two years of his term to serve. He was the treasurer of a band of robbers who on the 6th of May were to meet at a certain point to dig up their buried plunder. Only those who could attend this meeting were to be allowed a share. On the evening of May 5 Farley broke jail, secured a suit of citizens' clothing, attended the midnight meeting and secured his share. He then went home and passed a day or two with his mother and sisters. On the 9th ult., late at night, he called at the residence of the Governor of Indiana, stated who he was and said he had come for a pardon, feeling that without it he could not live comfortably. His Excellency refused to grant him this favor, whereupon he politely bowed himself out of the presence of the dumbfounded official.



THOMAS FARRON.

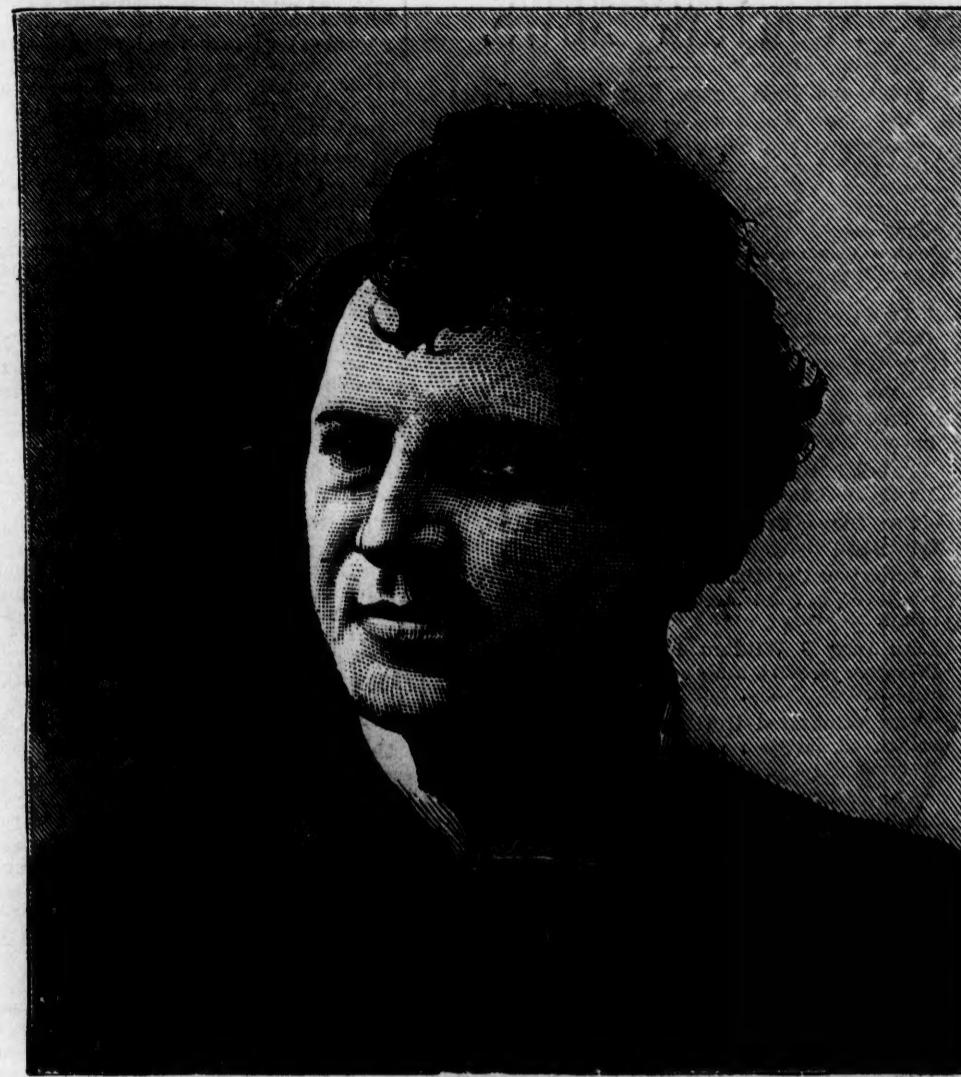
[Photo by Marc Gambari.]

A Villain's Plot.

A remarkable case has been revived in Mount Vernon, Ind., within the past fortnight. On Jan. 28, 1881, the town was very much excited by the robbery and attempted murder of Dr. Spencer, a well-known citizen. He had collected \$1,000 from one of his tenants that day and the thieves thought he had the money on his person. At 8 o'clock that night, as he was on his way home from his office, he was set upon, knocked down and robbed. He had, however, already deposited the large sum in the bank. A number of persons were arrested on suspicion, and among them three men named Frances Moore, Ben Kemper and John Reed. A man named Wm. Morgan, who had acquired a pretty hard character, having been one of the famous cowboys in the west, was known to be in town on the night of the robbery, but left the next day. Suspicion rested upon him and he was tracked out of the city and finally arrested on "Devil's Island," in the Mississippi, and brought back. He remained in Mount Vernon about a week and was finally put upon the stand to give his testimony, and to the surprise of all he gave a clear account of the robbery. Moore was then on trial, and was convicted on his evidence, coupled with that of other very responsible parties.

He stated that he was in town the night the robbery was committed, and was on his way to church. He passed the doctor's house, and became unwillingly a witness to the whole affair. He stated that four men committed the robbery, after having knocked the doctor in the head with a hatchet. Three of the men he identified as Moore, Reed and Kemper, the three men who were arrested on suspicion; the other one he could not identify. The other evidence against Moore was very strong, but entirely circumstantial. Reliable persons testified that he knew the doctor had collected the money. He was seen to follow him around all day, and when he left the office to go home that night a man had seen Moore dog his footsteps with a hatchet in his hand, and both of them disappeared. Upon this combined evidence Moore was convicted at the November term of the court and sentenced to fourteen years in the penitentiary at Jeffersonville. He was sent up a short time afterward and is there now.

The two men, Reed and Kemper, were tried separately, and on the evidence of Morgan, who testified that one of the men was Reed, he was on the 12th ult. sentenced to eight years in the penitentiary. The trial of Kemper, the remaining man, commenced on the 13th ult., and it was then that the whole story was found out to be a fallacy. Morgan had never been subjected to a severe cross-examination, but on this trial Maj. Menzies, who assisted for the defense, determined to test his story. He was taken into a private room and there cross-examined by Maj. Menzies and Judge Edson until he was tangled up and forced to make an open confession. He stated that he and a man named Wm. Phenix had followed the doctor from his office, thinking that he had the money on his person, knocked him on the head with a hatchet and then robbed him. In the construction of his testimony against Moore and the others Morgan had shown remarkable cunning. He was in town for about a week before the trial, and had



P. F. BAKER.

[Photo by Mora.]

found out what all the witnesses summoned knew about the matter, and then constructed his story to correspond with theirs. For instance, one man heard, or thought he heard, signal whistles, and another heard four men run by his house. In his testimony Morgan described the signal whistles and the four men running, thus cunningly weaving a chain of circumstantial evidence strong enough to convict any man. After his confession, however, an entirely new face was put on the matter.

Baker and Farron.

These two excellent character delineators and comedians commence an engagement at the Standard Theatre, New York, on June 5th, in a new play of the class in which they have won popularity, called "Max Muller." Messrs. Baker and Farron belong to that class of performers who have lifted the variety stage to a level with legitimate theatrical performances. Their tal-

ents, which were formerly wasted in farcical nonsense and senseless breakdowns, have been utilized in presenting really humorous, although sometimes exaggerated, representations of Irish and German character. They have been fortunate in securing a well-framed piece in which to present their peculiar talents, and are fair rivals of the justly popular Harrigan and Hart.

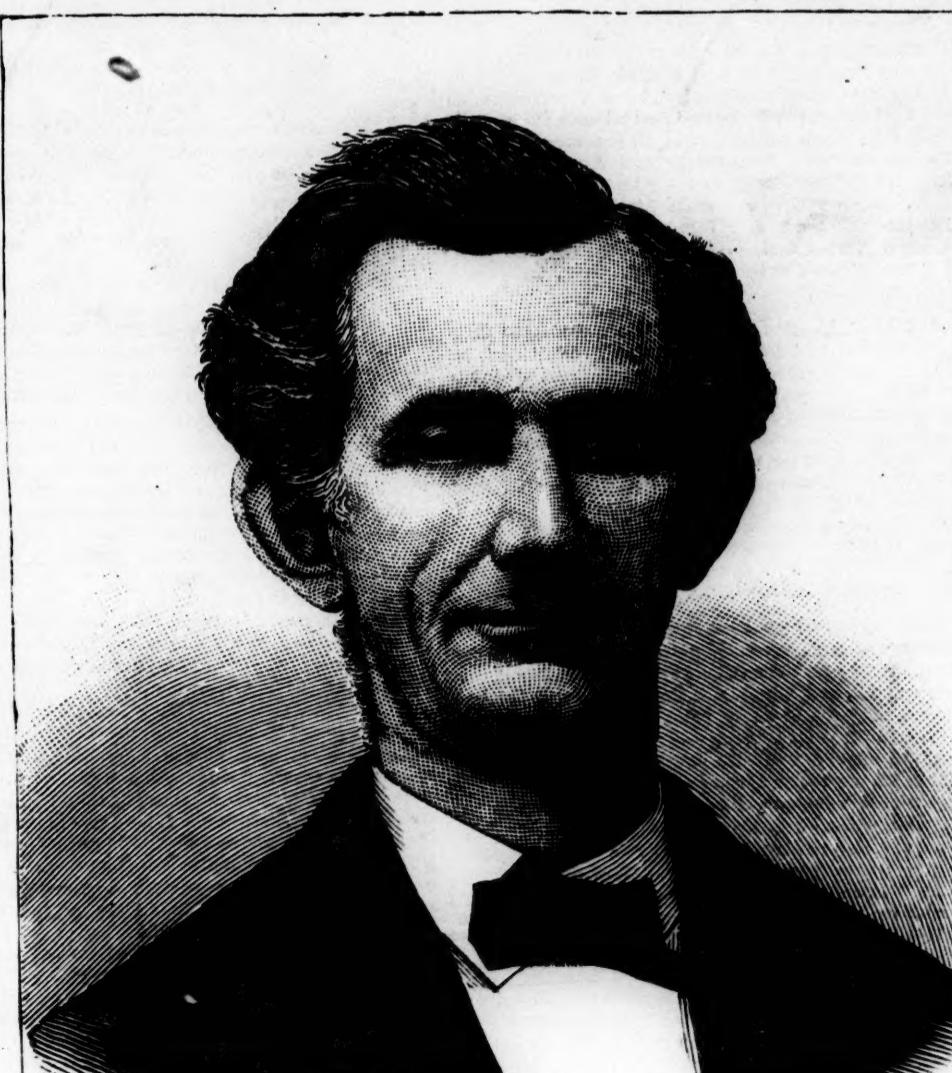
Judge James Grant.

The subject of this brief paragraph is one of the leading attorneys of the northwest, and was for many years a member of the Legislature of Iowa. He is interested in a great many business ventures, having built the first smelter at Leadville, which has been a gold—or silver mine to him. He has been very successful in all his undertakings and is a wealthy man. For some years he has been president of the Scott County Agricultural Society, and for the past two years president of the National Trotting Association.

He is very popular in the latter position, as his love of justice is proverbial. He is bitterly opposed to fraud on the turf in whatever shape it rears its head, and no man who deliberately perpetrates a wrong need expect any mercy at his hands.

A Daring Detective.

A famous detective is Bob Matson, of Peoria, Ill. He has accomplished several neat little jobs lately and brought out some fine points in his history in consequence. His best and most dangerous work was the arrest of Bill McFadden, the famous desperado of Southern Illinois. In May, 1875, McFadden secured \$6,500 of the funds of the town of Pittsfield and lit out. A reward of \$1,000 failed to induce anyone to attempt the fellow's capture, for he was known to be a most desperate character, and it was not thought any sum would be sufficient to pay the man who should tackle him. Matson finally volunteered to hunt him, and traced the robber through Iowa, Illinois, Indiana and Ohio. The game got over into Canada, but the detective found a waiter girl at the Detroit hotel, where he had stopped, who was sweet on him. He pretended to be an old California friend of McFadden's, and said if she would tell him when Mac came over the river again to see her he would give him a pleasant surprise. And he did. He caught him in the girl's room the next night, handcuffed him and took him away on an early train. At Mount City they had to change cars for a branch line that runs to Pittsfield. When they stepped off the cars a gang of roughs surrounded the detective, beating him severely, and the prisoner, jumping back on the moving train, escaped. The detective, although severely injured, took the next train, after telegraphing the conductor of the train ahead to let him know where McFadden got off. The conductor answered that the robber left the train at a point twenty miles from the Mississippi, where the railroad crosses the Illinois river. Matson pluckily proceeded to this point and learned that his man had struck off in the direction of the Mississippi, evidently heading for Hartford, a small river town then a favorite resort of thieves and desperate characters. The detective hired a stout horse and started on the trail. It was 17 miles to the village, and the injured officer had to ride so slowly that it was midnight before he reached the place. Only half of the tumble-down houses seemed to be tenanted, and everything about was silent. He dismounted, tied his horse in a blacksmith's deserted shop, and then knocked at the door of the only painted house in the town. An old man answered the summons, and to him Matson revealed who he was and what was his object. He offered the old man \$50 if he would give him some slight assistance in finding his man. To this he timidly agreed. The old man guided him to McFadden's house. The detective told him to rap persistently at the front door while he went around and watched at the back. In a few minutes McFadden sneaked out the back way but was confronted by the detective, who, with revolver presented, ordered him to hold up his hands, at the same time cutting the robber's belt away and letting his pistols fall at his feet. He was handcuffed, mounted on the horse behind his captor and reached Pittsfield about 5 o'clock P.M.



THE POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF NOTED HORSEMEN.

JUDGE JAMES GRANT,

OF DAVENPORT, IOWA, PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL TROTTING ASSOCIATION.

SPORTING NEWS.

Frank and Jesse James, The Outlaw Brothers.

The career of these daring highwaymen, whose cruel murders and many crimes have made the mere mention of their names a terror to law-abiding citizens, is full of romance. This is a new and carefully revised edition, containing many novel details and a complete account of the killing and funeral of Jesse James, the greatest outlaw on the American continent, by his traitorous followers. By mail 30c.

THE trotting stallion Hannis has been retired from the turf.

MIDLOTHIAN, the noted English racer, has broken down.

THE Quaker City Boat Club, of Philadelphia, have their annual regatta May 27th.

It is said that Courtney and Riley are to row Hamm and Conley in double sculls.

THE Dwyer Brothers are after Freeland, but think \$10,000 rather a steep price.

ONONDAGA is still laid up with a splint, and, it is believed, will not meet any of his spring engagements.

ON June 20 William Flick and Daniel Galanagh row for \$400 3 miles on the Schuylkill, at Philadelphia.

THE celebrated trotting mare Proteine, by Blackwood, has been withdrawn permanently from the track.

ADA, four years old, by Kingfisher, out of Adosinda, has broken down, and has been bred to Longfellow.

THE Seville, Ohio, Trotting Company claim the following dates for their summer meeting, viz., July 18, 19, and 20.

THE six day (12 hours per day) go-as-you-please race, at Sheffield, England, was won by Day who covered 373 miles 7 laps.

T. W. FOSTER, of Columbus, Ind., has sold to Gus Wilson, of Philadelphia, the chestnut pacing mare, Belle West, for \$1,500.

MAMBRINO CHARTA, the stallion recently sent to England, is to be trained for the trotting races at Alexandra Park, after which he will go into the stud.

THE Oaks stakes at Chantilly was run for on May 14 and was won by Mlle. De Sents, Ais second, Leouville third. De Sents was the winner of the prix dare.

THE Louisville Ladies' Stakes for two-year-old fillies, five furlongs, was run May 17. T. J. McGibben's chf Clipsetta won in 1:03½. Ella was second and Orange Blossom third.

THE Alexander stakes for two-year-olds at Louisville, Ky., five furlongs, was run May 17. B. G. Thomas' Punster won. Ascender second and Bondholder third. Time 1:03½.

THE Kentucky Oaks for two-year-old fillies, one mile and a half, was run at Louisville, Ky., May 18. H. Johnson's chf Kate Creel won with Pinafore second and Iside third. Time 2:30.

AT Philadelphia on May 17 Robert J. Hunter and Ed. McLaughlin played their final game at cushion caroms for the championship of Philadelphia. McLaughlin won by a score of 150 to 116.

DAN MC LAUGHLIN, of Houtzdale, Pa., and Jack Kems, who formerly resided at Leadville, have signed articles to fight at catch weights for \$250 a side. The battle will be fought next month.

JOHN HIBBERT challenges any man in England to walk for the 26 hours' championship and \$250 or \$500 a side, George Littlewood preferred. He offers to give Peter Crossland two miles in 100.

THE Dixiana stakes at Louisville, Ky., for all ages, distance 1 mile and one sixteenth, was won by Checkmate with Hindoo second and Fellowplay third. Time 1:00½, the fastest on record by half a second.

RILEY and Courtney are preparing for double-scull contests this season. In case Hene and Conley the Halifax pair, fail to make a match with Davis and Kennedy it is said that Riley and Courtney will row the Halligonians.

MIKE KEENAN'S grand opening of the Elliott Hotel and Theatre between the boulevard and horse cars, Coney Island, will take place on May 30. Boxing, wrestling, etc., by all theistic brigade and wrestling champions will be the bill of fare.

CHARLES PLUCK ROSE, the crack wing-shot of the Central Gun Club of Troy, N. Y., has been engaged by the New York Game and Poultry Association, with fourteen others, to go to Nebraska in September, for the purpose of supplying the New York markets.

WESLEYAN, Bowdoin, Princeton, Cornell and Toronto universities will send crews to a regatta on Lake George, N. Y., July 4, if suitable arrangements can be made for transportation and hotel accommodations. The first three crews will be fours, the last two eights.

IN the matter of sights to be used in the International Military rifle match, the executive committee of the National Rifle Association has decided to allow only military back-sights on rifles, with a slight notch on the upper edge, the lower edge being perfectly straight.

BENNIE GREENE, of Providence, R. I., and Jim Murray, of this city, fight within 100 miles of Providence, R. I., on June 5th, for \$300 a side. The fight will be governed by the Marquis of Queensbury Rules. Frank White is training Murray and Charley Norton is training Greene.

ON May 19, at New York, the 15-ball pool match between Eugene Carter and Albert Frey, the champion, for \$300, was won by Frey. The conditions were the best of 21 games, Carter being allowed a start of two games. Frey won, running out his eleven games while Carter scored six, which made the score Frey 11, Carter 8.

ON May 13, at Cincinnati, O., the double-scull race between Wm. Dunn and Frank Jones, of the Vixen Boat Club of Newport, and Wm. G. Higginbotham and Al C. Banks, of the Aquatic Boat Club, of Cincinnati, was won by the former in 32 minutes 10 seconds. The Aquatic crew were disabled in the first quarter by a large roller breaking over their boat.

IT appears our correspondent at Boston did not dish Frank White up in right style when he forwarded us the report of a glove contest between him and George Holden recently at the Crib Club, Boston, in which our correspondent claimed that Holden had the better of the affair. White denies but Holden affirms it and declares that he received the purse.

CANADA will be represented at Wimbledon this year by the following rifle team: Lieut. K. Gruburn, Governor General's Foot Guards, Ottawa; Sergeant R. P. Doyle, Fifty-third Battery, Sherbrooke, Quebec; Corporal Wilson, Fifth Fusiliers, Montreal, and Color-Sergeant J. Wynne, Seventh Fusiliers, Montreal. The team will sail from Quebec about the middle of June.

AT Leadville, Col., May 15, Jack Jones and Jimmy Welsh fought off the reel, according to London prize ring rules, for a purse. Welsh keeps a saloon while Jones is a miner. Thirty-six rounds were fought in 1 hour and 23 minutes, when Jones who had made a plucky effort to win was withdrawn and Welsh was declared the winner. John Gagney was the referee. Both men were badly punished.

THE National Rifle Association has undertaken to provide for a great International Military Rifle Match, at Creedmoor, in September, 1882, between the National Guards of America and the Volunteers of Great Britain, and has also pledged itself to send an American National Guard Rifle Team to Wimbledon in 1883, for the purpose of a return match. The Association is short of funds and have opened a subscription. All those eager to subscribe may send their donations to Col. J. H. Cowperthwaite, 76 Pine street, New York.

THE great pigeon shooting match at 200 birds each, Hurlingham rules, 30 yards rise, for \$2,000, between Charles Macalister, of Philadelphia, and Edgar C. Murphy, of New York, was decided May 15 at Bergen Point, N. J. Macalister won by a score of 168 to 150. Murphy's friends tried to rob the winner out of his hard earned laurels, claiming that Macalister's cartridges were charged with a sawdust or smokeless powder, but the judges, after postponing their judgment, declared that Macalister won on his merits, which was only a just decision.

SEVERAL of the papers are announcing that Joe Collins, better known as "Tug" Wilson, the English champion pugilist, will appear in a boxing exhibition in Philadelphia. We wish it to be understood by all sporting men of Philadelphia, that "Tug" Wilson will not appear at any exhibition in that city. The famous pugilist will be under the care of the proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, who is bringing him to this country, and "Tug" will not appear at any exhibition until after he has received a testimonial benefit in New York. We publish this statement to protect the sporting public from being duped.

A BATTLE which created no little interest was fought near Pottsville, Pa., on May 18, between Buck Hughes and Jack Hopkins, two miners, of Shenandoah, Pa. The men agreed some time ago to fight according to the rules of the London prize ring for a purse. Hopkins was the favorite after the men stripped. The battle was a desperate one, and round after round was contested until the eleventh, when Hughes began to hoist signals of distress. Hopkins then forced the fighting and in the fifteenth round won the fight, which lasted thirty-two minutes. Both were terribly punished.

AT the Alhambra sporting and variety theatre, West 27th st., New York, near Sixth avenue, on Monday night, May 29, Ed. McGlinchey, of Bridgeport, Conn., will be tendered a mammoth boxing and wrestling exhibition in which all the leading champion boxers will appear. Edwin Bibby will wrestle with an unknown, John L. Sullivan, the champion, has volunteered, as also have James Elliott, Patsey Shepard and in fact all the champions. Charley Norton, who recently defeated Jim Frawley, will wind up with McGlinchey. All the leading boxers of Philadelphia will also appear and there is not the least doubt but that McGlinchey's benefit will be a rouser.

THE great American turf event, the Kentucky Derby, was run on May 16, at Louisville, Ky. The distance was one mile and a half. In all the pools Runnymede sold for \$250, Mistral and Vendover each \$50. Lost Cause, \$40, Bruce and Bengal each \$30 and the field, \$75. It was a grand race all the way. Nearing the homestretch Runnymede and Apollo drew out from the ruck and disputed every inch of ground to the wire. Apollo winning from his saddle skirts out. Bengal finished third, three lengths behind the winner. Time: first quarter, 56½ sec.; one-half mile 51½ sec.; three-quarters mile, 1:19½; mile, 1:46½; one and a half mile, 2:40½.

Yesterdays' great cup race, the Kentucky Derby, was decided and great interest was manifested, as Hindoo and Checkmate were to again meet and also Glidella, Lida Stanhope and Blazes. Pools sold Checkmate \$400, Hindoo \$385, Glidella \$35, Blazes and Lida Stanhope in the field brought \$35. Hindoo led nearly all the way, running the two miles and a quarter in 3:57½. Checkmate carried 118 lbs., Hindoo 117 lbs. Glidella 116 lbs., Lida Stanhope 112 lbs., and Blazes 117 lbs. The first half was run in 53½, the three-quarters 1:21½, mile 1:48½, mile and a quarter 2:13½, mile and a half 2:39½, mile and three-quarters 3:03½, two miles 3:31½, two miles and a quarter 3:57½.

THE Pyramid pool tournament for the championship of America ended in this city at Repton Hall on May 18, when Albert Frey, of New York, the boy wonder, and John Dankelman, of Philadelphia, played off first and second prize. The conditions were the best in 41 games. Frey won, using excellent judgment throughout while his position shots and beautiful strokes in countless instances were matchless. He won on the 31st game. The score stood, Frey 21 out of 31. Dankelman won 10 out of 31. Frey was declared champion and received the trophy and first prize, \$400. Dankelman received second prize \$200, Sutton third prize, \$100, and Jacob Schaefer fourth prize, \$50. Frey is now ready to play against any man in the world at 15-ball pool.

AT Suffolk Park spring meeting Gus Wilson, the driver of Don Cameron and Barngrover, the driver of Ben Johnson, had a rough-and-tumble fight on the track. At the end of the 2:20 pacing race Wilson clammed at the judges stand that Barngrover had tried to foul him. Wilson in a great rage dismounted and without going up-stairs to the judges and making a proper protest on account of Barngrover's foul riding, he walked up to where the latter was just getting down from his seat uttering vague threats and demanding to know whether Ben Johnson's pilot had meant to kill him. A wrangle ensued. Wilson struck

Barngrover and the two closed and for a few moments rolled over one another under the feet of the spectators who had crowded around them. Both of them were badly cut and bruised before they were separated.

A FEW days ago, at Prospect Park Fair Grounds, Hiram Howe, the well-known driver, publicly stated that he would match the trotter Hugh McLaughlin (record 2:22) against Richard K. Fox's trotter "Police Gazette," formerly Emma B., whose record is 2:22, to trot heats best three in five to harness for \$1,000 a side or upwards. Mr. James Keenan, the noted Boston sporting man, was notified of Howe's offer and he forwarded the following communication in reference to the proposed race:

BOSTON, MASS., May 13, 1882.

To Richard K. Fox, Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE: Inform Hiram Howe, in reply to his offer to match Hugh McLaughlin against "Police Gazette," formerly Emma B., that if he will send on \$250 forfeit to the *Spirit of the Times* I will cover it and match "Police Gazette" to trot against Hugh McLaughlin, best three in five in harness, for \$1,000 to \$2,500 a side; the race to take place in six weeks at Hartford, Conn.—which is half way; or if he will allow expenses I will make the race to take place at Prospect Park, L. I. If Hiram Howe is not boasting he will put up. The money for "Police Gazette" is ready at any time.

JAMES KEENAN,

95 Portland St., Boston, Mass.

Mr. Howe now has the floor, with the understanding that it is his "money that talks."

and John Meagher, of Lawrence. It will be remembered that on April 6 these two men walked twenty-five miles, both men beating the best previous record in the world and Driscoll defeated his competitor by 5 laps. April 21 there was a hundred mile race between the two men and Meagher won, he walking only 52 miles. Before the race the betting was about even, slight odds being offered in favor of Meagher. E. E. Merrill was referee and G. A. Rider of New York officiated as time keeper. James Robinson was trainer for Driscoll and James G. Lathrop for Meagher. The track measured 20 laps to the mile. Betting was \$20 to \$20 on Meagher. The race was won by Meagher, Driscoll leaving the track after walking 14m. 17laps. Meagher walked four or five laps and the race was given to him.

The following is the time:

Miles.	H. M. S.	Driscoll's time.	Meagher's time.
1.....	0 07 04	0 07 29	0 07 29
2.....	0 14 40	0 14 05	0 14 05
3.....	0 22 37	0 23 00	0 23 00
4.....	0 30 25	0 30 47	0 30 47
5.....	0 38 28	0 38 47	0 38 47
6.....	0 46 25	0 46 47	0 46 47
7.....	0 54 24	0 54 58	0 54 58
8.....	1 02 57	1 02 52	1 02 52
9.....	1 11 34	1 11 34	1 11 34
10.....	1 19 41	1 19 41	1 19 41
11.....	1 28 26	1 28 26	1 28 26
12.....	1 37 08	1 37 35	1 37 35
13.....	1 45 46	1 45 10	1 45 10
14.....	Not	Taken.	Not Taken.
15.....			

THE first annual games of the POLICE GAZETTE Professional Athletic Association was held at Sulzer's Harlem River Park, New York, on May 13. Owing to the bad weather, although a large and interesting programme was offered and Charles Price, Edwin Bibby, Thomas J. Lynch, Duncan C. Ross and Captain James Daly were among the competitors, the attendance was not as large as was expected. The sports opened with all round athletic games. Duncan C. Ross and Captain James Daly were the only contestants. Out of the 13 events Daly won 6 and Ross 5, the other two events being draws. A catch as catch can wrestling match followed between Thomas J. Lynch, of New York, and Edwin Bibby, of Providence, R. I. Bibby was victorious, winning both bouts in 13m. A ten mile running race for which \$50 was the first prize followed. Five started and Chas. Price, of England, won, running the distance and winning easily in 1h. 1m. and 55s. The wrestling match open to all comers for the championship of America at mixed wrestling for the POLICE GAZETTE champion medal offered by Richard K. Fox for mixed wrestling, catch-as-catch-can, collar-and-elbow and side hold wrestling in harness. Edwin Bibby, Thomas J. Lynch, Duncan C. Ross and Captain James Daly entered but the only two who contested were the said Viro Small and Captain James Daly.

The said Wm. L. Kennedy and the said Viro Small do hereby agree to wrestle collar-and-elbow in harness, best two in three back falls, POLICE GAZETTE Rules, for the sum of one hundred dollars (\$100) a side.

The said match shall take place at Harry Hill's on Thursday afternoon, May 23, 1882.

In pursuance of this agreement at the said Wm. L. Kennedy and the said Viro Small do hereby post the sum of fifty dollars (\$50), and do hereby agree that the said amount be transferred to Harry Hill, who has been chosen final stakeholder. The final deposit of fifty dollars (\$50) to be posted with Harry Hill on May 23, 1882, at 1 o'clock P. M.

Either party failing to post the forfeit at the time and day agreed upon do agree to forfeit the amount now deposited with Harry Hill.

The said Wm. L. Kennedy and the said Viro Small do hereby agree that if they cannot agree upon a referee that Richard K. Fox, of the POLICE GAZETTE, shall appoint one.

Witnesses:

Signed: VIRO SMALL,

GEO. TAYLOR, W. L. KENNEDY.

JOHN GRAHAM.

MR. RICHARD K. FOX, of the POLICE GAZETTE, has received intelligence from London that Tug Wilson will start for America the latter part of this month to make the proposed match with John L. Sullivan for the championship of the world. The intelligence that Mr. Fox would back the great English pugilist, and had sent the money to bring him over, made a great excitement in the British metropolis, and Mr. Fox is in receipt of several telegrams asking for corroboration and for information as to the style and "action" of the Boston boy. "Tug" will be accompanied on his trip to this country by a strong delegation of the better class of English sporting men who still cherish an admiration for the prize ring and a hope that it will be revived to the state it enjoyed in its palmy days. The following, published in the London *Sporting Life* on May 4, gave a start to the excitement which now prevails over the water:

"THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE WORLD—SULLIVAN AND TUG WILSON."

"Yesterday (Wednesday) we received the following cablegram from New York:

"Editor Sporting Life, London:

"I will match Tug Wilson to fight John L. Sullivan for \$500 a side and the championship of the world, and have forwarded

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